MAR 8

The New REPUBLIC

Published Weekly

Wednesday March 12, 1930

Wanted: Boldness at London

by W. T. STONE

Three Limperary Cripples

by EDMUND WILSON

Mrs. McCormick of Illinois

by DUFF GILFOND

The Townless Highway

by BENTON MACKAYE

Exploiting the Unemployed

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR

VOL. LXII. NO. 797

Entered as Second Class matter December 14, 1914 at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under the act of March 3, 1879

SOVIETISM
vs.
RELIGION
IS RUSSIA JUSTIFIED?

THE TIMELY
4-
CORNERED
DEBATE

Sunday, March 16
at 2:30 P. M.
CARNEGIE HALL
7th Ave. at 57th St.
Reserved Seats, $1.00, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00
Box Seats, $3.85
On sale at Carnegie Hall Box Office (Circle 1770); Rand School Bookshop, 7 E. 15th St.; and in person or by mail from offices of
LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION
11 W. 42nd St. Room 644
Phones: Lackawanna 1613 Chickering 5796
(N. B. This debate will be published ad verbatim. Reserve your copy now by mailing $1.00)

RESOLVED:
That the anti-religious policy and practices of the Soviet government are justified.

MAX
EASTMAN
Brilliant Author-Lecturer
For SOVIETISM
(Atheism)

Rev. JOHN HAYNES
HOLMES
For RELIGION
(Deism)

HARRY ELMER
BARNES
Noted Social Philosopher
For LIBERALISM
(Agnosticism)

DR. STEPHEN S.
WISE
For RELIGION

Visits to Soviet Russia
FOURTH SEASON

EXPLORATIVE itineraries worked out with reference to social, economic, historic, artistic and scenic features.

Visits to factories, schools, children's communities, collective farms and villages . . . art treasures, palaces and workers' rest homes . . . for the adventurous . . . camping in the Caucasus and study of primitive tribes.

Small groups, each accompanied by a qualified American leader and Russian interpreter. From $395 including express steamship passage. Literature available.

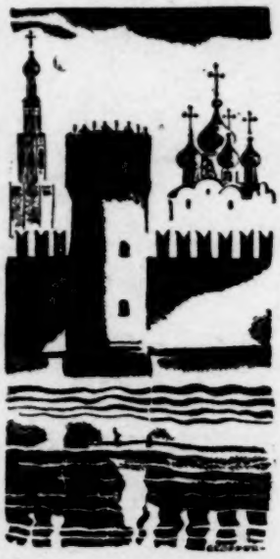
• Individual itineraries also executed ▲ Independent year-round representation in Russia •

20-32 WEST 43rd STREET ▲ NEW YORK

THE OPEN ROAD

SEE RUSSIA ON MAY 1ST

The celebrations on *May 1st* dramatize again the events of *1917* midst renewed outbursts of enthusiasm and a glorious panorama of color and costume.



Sail from NewYork on

ST. LOUIS	April	12th
BREMEN	"	12th
RELIANCE	"	15th
AQUITANIA	"	16th
OLYMPIC	"	18th
ILE de FRANCE	"	18th

or any other ship and join our party in Paris on April 26th.

Members of this tour will visit the Russian Theatres and Universities at the time of their greatest activity.

Write or call for information

AMALGAMATED BANK
Travel Dept.
11-15 Union Square, New York City
or
Amalgamated Trust & Savings Bank
111 West Jackson Blvd.
Chicago, Ill.

For information on Spring and Summer trips, write for booklet "R"

To Understand India, You Must Know Mahatma Gandhi

"For all of us *Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas* is . . . a valuable book. I am torn between praising Andrews and emphasizing Gandhi; between commending the work of the disciple in presenting us with a book so filled with sympathy and understanding, and describing the actual ideas of the leader himself . . . Anyone eager to know just what is being done in the East to create better living conditions for a depressed and often hopeless people will find eloquent passages in these pages."—*Harry Hansen,* in the *New York World.*

MAHATMA GANDHI'S IDEAS
Edited by C. F. Andrews

The Macmillan Company **Price $3.00**

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXII | NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 1930 | NUMBER 797

Contents

The Week 82

Editorials

A Crisis in the Conference 84
Exploiting the Unemployed 85
The Prohibition Hearing 87

General Articles

Wanted: More Boldness at London ....W. T. Stone 88
The Steel Mills Today: II .....
..... E. G. Ernst and E. M. Hartl 90
The Townless Highway .....Benton MacKaye 93
Mrs. McCormick of Illinois .....Duff Gilfond 95
Harpy and Hunter (verse) .....A. E. Coppard 97
Washington Notes .....T. R. B. 98
The Neighborhood and the Guild ....Stark Young 99
The Fable of the Three Limperary Cripples .....
.....Edmund Wilson 100

Correspondence 101

Reviews of Books

Was England Fighting for Us? .....
..... Harold D. Lasswell 104
The Lion and the Lamb .....Granville Hicks 105
Luther and Richelieu .....Neilson Abeel 106
A Book About a Sitwell .....Lloyd Goodrich 106
An Old Black Screamy Mood .....Horace Gregory 107
Notes on Novels 107

The Week

SECRETARY of the Navy Adams, one of our delegates at London, said in his radio speech on March 2: "A navy adequate for defense is what is required. . . . Also, the minimum to which the navy can be reduced depends upon the size of other navies, for this matter is relative, though not entirely so." There is here a striking divergence from President Hoover's words on Armistice Day: "Proper defense requires military strength relative to that of other nations. We will reduce our naval strength in proportion to any other." Is the criterion of defense entirely relative, as President Hoover said, or not entirely relative, as Secretary Adams said? Who is deciding the policy of our delegates, the naval experts or the President? Secretary Adams gave voice to the idea which in the minds of the French and British as well as of our own delegates is the principal obstacle to reduction. This is particularly true of the French, who began by explicitly discarding the consideration of relative strength as a sole guide, and hence are blamed by a large section of public opinion for the difficulties of the conference. We are shocked to learn that Secretary Adams gives them this support. And we can see why our delegation, if this is its assumption, fails to encourage drastic reduction of battleships, in spite of the favor with which that proposal is regarded by all the other governments concerned.

ANOTHER curious inconsistency appears in connection with Senator Borah's speech which made so eloquent an appeal for reduction of navies. Dispatches from Washington state that fear of the Senate isolationists restrains President Hoover from sanctioning a consultation agreement which would persuade the French to lower their figures and so would prevent expansion of British and American building programs above the announced figures. And the dispatches say that Senator Borah is one of those isolationists who object to agreeing to consult with other nations, in case peace should be threatened. If this is true, Mr. Borah would seem to be standing comfortably on both sides of the fence. He says he wants reduction, but he blocks the principal measure which would avoid further expansion. The only way out of his dilemma, if he wants to retain both positions, is to throw parity overboard. He might logically say, let France build, let Britain build to keep ahead of France, and let us reduce nevertheless. But if he does not say this, we do not see how he can avoid reconsidering his opposition to a consultation pact —if he does oppose it.

THE most important pronouncement to come from Russia in a long time is the statement by Stalin, the strongest individual in the government of the U. S. S. R. His long letter to the Russian Communists is entitled "Dizziness from Successes," and was published simultaneously in all the Moscow newspapers. He frankly tells the Communists that they are trying to go too far and too fast in their campaign for "collectivizing" agriculture. It is folly to suppose, he says, that collectives can be created in districts which are economically unsuited, such as Turkestan or northern Russia. It is also

folly to attempt a sudden conversion of the peasants to 100-percent Communism. Success can only be achieved if the peasant understands and accepts the collectivist principle. Stalin also has a sarcastic word for those who have been most conspicuous in the campaign against the churches. His statement has added significance from the fact that, only a fortnight ago, he issued a warning that small tradesmen were being rooted out too mercilessly. Stalin has the common sense which some of his zealous followers so conspicuously lack. Fanatical adherence to the ultimate program has temporarily endangered the success of the whole Russian experiment; he demands that degree of yielding to expediency which is dictated by the facts.

PRESIDENT Hoover's commission investigating conditions in Haiti starts off with two achievements on the right side of the ledger. Its first public hearing in Port-au-Prince was boycotted by the Haitians, on the ground that this commission would be like the McCormick Committee of 1921, and would take voluminous testimony without ever doing anything about it, whereupon the members of the commission replied that, on the contrary, their purpose was to find out when and how the United States should get out of Haiti. With this reassurance, the anti-occupationists appeared and gave their testimony. On the first Sunday after the arrival of the commission, the Haitians held a great religious ceremony at the Church of the Sacred Heart and prayed for the restoration of their independence, following which, 15,000 of them gathered around the monument to the Negro revolutionist, Jean-Jacques Dessalines, in the square of the Champs de Mars, in a demonstration of their desire for self-government. When it was reported that the American Marine occupation might prohibit this demonstration, the members of the commission insisted that it should take place, and some of them were present as sympathetic onlookers. President Hoover has committed himself to ending the American occupation of Haiti, and there seems every reason to believe that one of the sorriest episodes in our recent history will soon come to an end.

POLICE brutality has reached a new high record in several cities of the United States during the last week or two. Demonstrations of the unemployed, and of radicals on behalf of the unemployed, have been forcibly broken up amid disgraceful scenes of violence. In Los Angeles, tear gas was used to prevent paraders from reaching the City Hall. In New York, while the officers have not recently gone quite so far as they did a few weeks ago, men, women and children have been kicked and punched for parading. In Chicago, hundreds have been rounded up and thrown into jail, and the police have acted quite as badly as they did in New York. The usual attempts are being made to pass off the whole thing as being stirred up by the Communists; Matthew Woll charges that $1,250,000 has been sent to this country from Russia for the purpose of promoting Communism among the unemployed. He will have a chance to prove or retract his highly improbable charge before a senatorial committee. It is true that the Communists are fishing in troubled waters, as is their wont; but it is also true, as The New Republic shows in detail elsewhere in this issue, that there is a widespread condition of great suffering. It would be tragic if the red herring of radicalism were allowed to divert the country's attention from the real problem with which we are faced. This is a matter, moreover, which is a responsibility of the federal government in a double sense. Chicago dispatches, quoted by Senator La Follette in a speech in the Senate, state that agents of the Department of Justice have been active in "rounding up" the radicals in that city, and have coöperated with the local police in their brutal efforts at repression. If this charge is substantiated, the Department would seem to have returned to the bad practices of Palmer's days, which we hoped had departed forever. Attorney-General Mitchell is too decent a person to have a hand in this sort of business. We wait confidently for him to repudiate and end it.

READERS of The New Republic, which reprinted a large part of Mrs. Mary Ware Dennett's pamphlet, "The Sex Side of Life," will be particularly glad to learn that her conviction in a Federal District Court for circulating the pamphlet through the mails has been reversed by the Circuit Court of Appeals. The Circuit Court might have remanded the case for retrial, on the basis of certain rulings by Judge Burrows of the lower court, but the decision does not rest on any such ground. It will be remembered that Judge Burrows excluded evidence submitted by the defense showing the persons to whom the pamphlet was sold, with a view of demonstrating their character and responsibility. The Circuit Court now states that the judge may have been correct in doing so, but only because the burden of proof that the pamphlet was improperly distributed rested upon the government. But the main argument of the decision deals with the high character of the pamphlet itself. The court gives weight to the enlightened public opinion that proper sex instruction of the young is desirable, even though some stimulation of sexual impulses may be incidental to it. "An accurate exposition of the relevant facts of the sex side of life in decent language and in manifestly serious and disinterested spirit cannot ordinarily be regarded as obscene." Therefore the pamphlet does not violate a reasonable interpretation of the obscenity law, and the question concerning its distribution should never have been submitted by Judge Burrows to the jury. Thus, by the exercise of a little common sense, the Circuit Court rectifies one of the most stupid blunders of the administration of justice in recent years.

A SPLIT in an A. F. of L. union more formidable than any which has occurred since the Amalgamated Clothing Workers was born out of the old United Garment Workers impends in the case of the miners. Under the leadership of John L. Lewis, and hampered by years of depression in its industry, the United Mine Workers of America has shrunk to a small fraction of its former size. Illinois has been left as its principal stronghold. A quarrel developed between the Illinois officers and Lewis, concerning which there is something to be said on both sides. After a court decision favoring the Illinois faction, a number of prominent miners' leaders who have been at odds with Lewis and his policies called a convention to meet at Springfield, Ill., March 10, to adopt a new constitution for the national union. These include the Illinois officials, John H. Walker, President of the Illinois Federation of Labor, Alexander Howatt of Kansas, John Brophy of Pennsylvania, and others. Their technical justification for doing so was that the old constitution lapsed nearly a year ago and Lewis had failed to call a convention to write a new one. Their real hope is that they will be able to build a strong union under progressive leadership. They would appear to have a good start, in that the districts supporting the convention call contain a majority of the present dues-paying membership of the union. It remains to be seen whether the A. F. of L., under the presidency of William Green, himself a former official of the United Mine Workers, will support Lewis and outlaw the new movement, or will remain above the battle.

SWARTHMORE is performing a valuable public service in establishing an Institute on Unemployment, under the directorship of Professor Paul H. Douglas of the University of Chicago, who has been granted a six months' leave of absence to inaugurate the work. Unemployment is not an accidental and unexpected feature of the industrial scene, it is an ever-present and apparently a growing evil, which should be studied scientifically and continuously. Attention needs to be directed toward it as much during periods of "prosperity" as during our spasmodic depressions, for two excellent reasons: there is a considerable amount of unemployment even in the best of times, and the enlarged unemployment of depressions cannot be intelligently guarded against or prepared for except by permanent policies inaugurated before the need arises. The Institute will undertake research, it will build up a comprehensive reference library, and furthermore, it will appoint research fellows, hold conferences and provide lectures for undergraduates. While its aim is to be vigorously scientific in its work, this aim is inspired by the strong moral urge of the Society of Friends, which long ago made them such an effective force in the anti-slavery movement, as more recently in prison reform and other causes.

HAS the fictitious testimonial, with which the advertising pages have so long been cluttered, to the disgust of sensible people, seen its day? Facts gathered by Editor and Publisher suggest that this is the case. Both the American Association of Advertising Agencies and the Assocation of National Advertisers have recently passed resolutions against fake testimonials. The National Better Business Bureau has also protested publicly against testimonial advertisements written by Alfred W. McCann for Cremo cigars, which stress the point that other cigars are finished by having the cigar-maker put them in his mouth. The National Better Business Bureau says this is true of such a small percentage of all the cigars on the market that the McCann statements are unjustified. Firms which arrange testimonial advertising by actors on the stage and screen, and have boasted that for a fee they can get anybody to endorse anything, report that their business is rapidly declining. A proposal is on foot that advertising agencies should pledge themselves, in accordance with the Federal Trade Commission's decision in a case involving a popular brand of cigarettes, to print in every testimonial the statement that "this testimonial was not solicited or paid for." Despite all the discouraging evidence to the contrary, the World Do Move!

The Crisis in the Conference

MORE than twelve hundred men and women signed a cablegram to Secretary Stimson a few days ago. They included the Governors of eight states and more than two hundred college presidents, as well as scores of editors, writers on public affairs, clergymen, presidents of women's clubs and heads of trade unions. This impressive group of leaders of American opinion was assembled in the course of seventy-two hours for the purpose of appealing to the American delegation at London not to permit the naval conference to fail. The message which they jointly signed reminded the delegates of something which they seem to have forgotten—that the Kellogg Pact exists. It also recalled President Hoover's Armistice Day pledge that the United States will go as far in the direction of reduction as any other power will do, and urged that this, and not mere limitation, should be the aim. It asked the creation of an agreement for consultation in the event of war or the threat of war, and pledged the twelve hundred signers to do everything in their power to obtain the ratification of such an agreement by the Senate. Finally, it warned Mr. Stimson and his fellow delegates of the "calamitous effect which the failure of the London conference to achieve these principles would have upon American opinion."

The sending of this message was a step almost unprecedented in the history of international negotiations; yet no one conversant with the developments at London can deny that the situation which

has there developed is one which justifies extraordinary measures. In his article published eleswhere in this issue, Mr. W. T. Stone, writing from the conference, makes an indictment of American policy which is all the more effective because of its moderate tone. There is no doubt, as he says in effect, that instead of taking the lead toward real reduction of armament, the United States has been singularly laggard in that effort. We do not, of course, stand alone in this category. Other powers have also created difficulties; and it is not unlikely that if a balance were to be struck it would be found that France had a heavier load of guilt to bear than the United States. For Americans, however, the chief question is the part their own representatives have played; and in particular, what part these representatives are to play during the remainder of of the conference.

Great Britain has let it be known that she would agree to the abolition of the battleship, but the United States has so far refused to accept this. France is asking a total tonnage of three-quarters of a million, an amount so large that if she gets it, Great Britain will refuse to keep to the figure tentatively agreed upon with the United States for cruisers. If, therefore, nothing is done about battleships, and if France is given the tonnage she now asks, the conference will end, not in reduction of naval armament, but in a very large increase. The only hope of reduction lies along two lines: the curtailment or abolition of the battleship fleets, and persuading France to come down to a figure which will make it possible for the tentative cruiser agreement between Great Britain and the United States to stand. The New Republic has already indicated its reasons for believing that the British proposal should be accepted. The remaining question is what can be done about France.

The French proposal is of course well known. France is willing to reduce under certain conditions. She will accept a much lower figure if she can have her security guaranteed under some sort of arrangement in which the United States is a participant. A satisfactory plan would be one which would duplicate in the Atlantic the four-power pact arranged in the Pacific in 1921. Indeed, it is said unofficially, but on what seems to be reliable information, that a mere statement by Mr. Hoover would suffice. If he would promise that in the event of trouble he would consult the other signatories of the Kellogg Pact, as he did twice last year over the Russo-Chinese dispute, France would be satisfied, despite the fact that such a promise would have no binding effect upon the Senate, nor upon Mr. Hoover's successor three or seven years hence.

It is obvious that the President is reluctant to take either of these proposed steps. There is nothing in his record to justify the belief that he is opposed to them in principle. On the contrary, it is overwhelmingly probable that in any further emergency similar to the Russo-Chinese affair, he would again act as he then did. His objections are doubtless two. He fears that the Senate would not ratify an agreement with a political aspect, and he dislikes being "held up" by France. As to the first of these, there is no reason to believe that his apprehensions are well founded. No poll has been taken, but the most competent observers in Washington believe that if the President and American public opinion vigorously supported a consultative agreement, the isolationists in the Senate would be unable to summon the one-third of the votes necessary to defeat it. As to the second objection, The New Republic shares Mr. Hoover's dislike of the French tactics, but in this case France is asking something which is highly desirable for its own sake. The Kellogg Pact will never be worth the paper it is written on if it is left as it stands, and an agreement to consult is certainly the mildest and most innocuous of all possible forms of implementation.

The whole question of the success or failure of the conference is now up to Mr. Hoover. Mr. Stimson and the other delegates are no more than his mouthpieces. It is believed in fact that a majority of the members of the delegation are personally in favor of the agreement to consult. The world is waiting for the American President to speak out. There are those who believe that his recent actions imply a surrender to the big-navy men; that he now repudiates and regrets the fine spirit of his Armistice Day address and of his personal negotiations with Ramsay MacDonald. We are aware of no evidence that this is true. We believe on the contrary that Mr. Hoover's hesitation and timidity have been due to personal characteristics. We hope that in what is likely to prove the most momentous decision of his whole career he will throw them off and take the vigorous steps which will mean so much to the future of peace.

Exploiting the Unemployed

IN EVERY unemployment crisis, the suffering of those out of jobs is exploited by persons who believe in upsetting the existing order of society. And in every unemployment crisis, this fact is used by those who want to defend the existing regime, in order to distract attention from the unemployed and to direct attention toward the wickedness of the revolutionaries. In 1914, for instance, it was the I. W. W. who led the unemployment demonstrations, while reactionary employers and officials denounced these demonstrations as mere I. W. W. propaganda. In 1930, the Communists have seized the leadership of the protest, while Matthew Woll, Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor, voices the denunciation.

Between these two fires, the unemployed themselves and those who really want to help them are at a cruel disadvantage. The ear of the public is closed to the facts, and its heart is hardened to the terrible injustice of widespread destitution in the midst of the richest society the world has ever

known. Yet the facts are patent to anyone who wants to see them.

The Federal Reserve Board is hardly a Communist institution. In its February bulletin it points out that, in factory employment alone, the decline "during the *five months* from August to December was about as large as that for the *two years* from the end of 1925, when employment was at a temporary peak, to the end of 1927, when the recession was at its lowest point. The general level of factory employment in December, furthermore, was about the same as at the end of 1927." (Italics ours.) The extreme seriousness of the present situation becomes more obvious when we realize that during the two years when factory employment was declining, from 1925 to 1927, certain other occupations such as trade, construction and automobile service were expanding and could absorb some of the slack, whereas during the recent sharp drop in factory employment, all other occupations were contracting also. It is stated that between 40 and 50 percent of the workers in the great building industry are now out of jobs. Unemployment is certainly more severe than in the winter of 1927 and early spring of 1928, when conservative estimates of its extent ranged from 2,000,000 to 4,000,000 persons, and it is probably more severe than in 1924 also.

Indeed, other signs make it appear that the present situation is worse even than that of 1921. Employment agencies in Illinois report 257 applicants for every 100 jobs this January, as against 218 applicants to 100 in 1921, and 174 to 100 in 1927. Wisconsin agencies report 163 applicants to every 100 jobs in December, 1929, against 121 to 100 in 1921, 113 to 100 in 1925, and 125 to 100 in 1927. In New York state, similar figures go back only a few months, but the ratio of applicants to jobs in December was 216 to 100.

Still another index of the situation is furnished by the figures of labor turnover in selected factories, published by the United States Department of Labor since 1926. In these figures, those taken on the force are called "accessions," while those leaving it for any reason are called "separations." Until this winter, the accessions outnumbered the separations, except for 1927, when those taken on the force numbered 40.2 percent of the total employed, against 41.5 percent leaving or being discharged. But in November, 1929, the accessions were 23.7 percent against 38.4 percent separations, while in December the accessions were 13.5 percent and the separations 29.5. Furthermore, the layoffs in these months were the largest in the history of the figures, while the voluntary quits were the smallest.

When an unemployment crisis becomes so serious that it can no longer be ignored, the custom of officials is to cast doubt on its importance by predicting that it will soon be over. This year has been no exception to the rule. In January the United States Department of Labor gave the President information on the basis of which he announced that the tide of employment had turned upward. Yet when the full figures became available, they showed that there was a shrinkage of 1.8 percent in factory employment between December 15 and January 15, more than usual at that time of year. It is now said that the following month's figures will make a better showing, but as Dr. W. A. Berridge, economist for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, points out, the average seasonal gain to be expected between January 15 and February 15 is about 1.5 percent. Any increase of employment will have to be greater than this in order to indicate a real turning of the tide.

Nobody knows how many unemployed there are. The New Republic has commented on this fact so many times that it here reprints, and intends to keep in type, a paragraph which it published April 4, 1928:

> . . . Similar disputes as to the number of unemployed arose during the President's Conference on Unemployment in 1922 under the leadership of Secretary Hoover, and it was brought out at the time that the only means by which the major facts could be learned would be the establishment of a coördinated national system of employment exchanges, at which the unemployed would register, either for assignment to jobs if jobs were available, or for distribution of unemployment compensation from an insurance fund. With such a system regularly in operation, we could watch carefully the trend of unemployment and take measures against it in time, instead of waiting for the usual complaints which receive publicity only when a crisis is upon us, and the usual debate between those who see the need for relief and those who wish to minimize the gravity of the situation. In spite of this demonstration six years ago, the administration has not moved a little finger to establish such a systematic means of dealing with unemployment.

Still these steps have not been taken. As usual, the only action which is possible is emergency action, too late to prevent the catastrophe. Mr. Hoover's one advance upon the inaction of his predecessors has been to try to stimulate construction, but the experts have always said that this measure could be effective, if at all, only when based on long-range planning rather than when invoked after a depression is upon us. And in this case, they have been proved right.

When riots occur, when policemen club a mob, everybody gets angry. Some get angry at the policemen, some at the mob. Our notion is that the unemployed have an inalienable right to stand about city halls, state capitols, and the Capitol and White House at Washington, until somebody besides a policeman takes cognizance of their situation. We suggest that if anyone wants to get angry, he direct his anger against the business leadership and the political parties which have seen crisis after crisis of unemployment arrive without doing anything to prepare against the next one;

which prate of prosperity but cannot cope with depression. And we suggest that the anger be continued after prosperity has returned again, unless, while good times are still here, our government agencies adopt a permanent policy of dealing with unemployment—by far the blackest evil of industrial civilization.

The Prohibition Hearing

NOTHING very new was said by the army of witnesses who appeared before the House Judiciary Committee to testify against prohibition. They said, in general, that the Volstead Act is impossible to enforce, that it lacks the united support of public opinion, that it is now being disregarded in Kansas and South Carolina almost as openly as in New York. They said that prohibition has encouraged organized crime and official corruption, and that it is seriously affecting the morals of the younger generation. They said, with a certain added emphasis, merely what newspapers in the larger cities have been saying for six or eight years, and yet it cannot be denied that their testimony revealed several new developments in the history of our most noble experiment.

New, first of all, was the opportunity granted them to present the whole case against prohibition at a public hearing before a committee of Congress. New also was the general character of the witnesses. Their army consisted, not of cranks and humble agitators, but of men who are prominent in their own professions. It consisted, not of brewers and distillers, but of lawyers, educators, publishers, writers, and finally of bankers and industrialists. The presence of the last two classes was especially significant. It had always been supposed that prohibition was supported—that perhaps it was even imposed on the nation—by the larger manufacturers, in the supposed interest of efficiency and the increased consumption of factory products. At present it appears that the money power is divided, and that representatives of the great financial interests have been converted to the anti-prohibition crusade.

Encouraged by this new financial and industrial support, the anti-prohibitionists are adopting new tactics; or perhaps it would be more exact to say that they are taking over the tactics of the prohibitionists themselves. Thus, the propaganda activities of the Anti-Saloon League are beginning to be counterbalanced by those of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment. The electioneering work of the League is to be combatted by a new organization, the Crusaders. The Prohibition party is to have an enemy and counterpart in the new Liberal party proposed by Dr. Samuel Harden Church. Lastly, the fanaticism of the prohibitionists is now confronted by an equal fanaticism on the part of their opponents.

The belligerent enthusiasm of some witnesses and most of the audience was, as a matter of fact, a disturbing feature of the recent hearings. The most extreme statements were those most vigorously applauded. "Call out the navy," said Mr. Frederic R. Coudert, Sr., of New York City, while the audience listened attentively:

> go into every home and put every citizen who violates the law into jail, and have accommodations for fifty or sixty millions of your people. . . . What would the consequence be? It is easy to predict . . . that the government, legislative or administrative, that attempted something like real enforcement would be swept out of existence at the next election, and if that were not so, they would have on their hands a civil war.

This ominous prophecy, which recalled the debates in Congress over the Fugitive Slave Law, was greeted with enthusiasm.

At present the prohibitionists are about to present their side of the case. That they can bring forward very effective witnesses is not to be doubted. They have the support of the two richest men in America, of all the evangelical churches, and of the great majority of the farmers. They have an overwhelming support in Congress itself, but at the same time they are fighting a defensive battle in which they have nothing to gain. It is even a question whether more drastic enforcement laws would not react to their disadvantage. Certainly their cause has not been helped of late by public debates, hearings and referendums. This explains why they are advising their adherents to refrain from voting in The Literary Digest poll of prohibition sentiment. What they will do before the House Judicial Committee remains to be seen.

Meanwhile the general opposition to prohibition is mounting in force, character and strategic ability. It is still too early to predict that the Eighteenth Amendment will ever be repealed, or even that the Volstead Act and the Jones Law will be liberalized. One can say, however, that after ten years of enforcement, prohibition is more definitely on trial than ever before, and that it is on trial, moreover, before a still divided court and a hung jury.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1930, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN GEORGE SOULE
EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG R. M. LOVETT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD
GILBERT SELDES R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

Wanted: Boldness at London

TO WHAT extent are Mr. Stimson and his colleagues at the naval conference following the "bold course" advocated a few months ago by Ambassador Hugh Gibson in his public statement at the sixth session of the League of Nations Preparatory Commission in Geneva? It was this speech, reflecting as it did the voice of President Hoover, which opened the way to the Anglo-American negotiations and ultimately to the convening of the five-power conference, now ending its first month's work. Had the United States not taken the lead at that time and introduced a new factor at Geneva, the principal naval powers would probably not be in London today. Mr. Gibson's words, therefore, are worth noting at this stage of the negotiations.

Referring to reduction, as distinct from mere limitation, he said:

> . . . an agreement on the basis of existing world armaments (or at higher levels) can never be justified before enlightened public opinion. At best, it is purely negative. . . . Let us, therefore, take the bold course and begin by scrapping the term "limitation" in order to concentrate upon the general reduction of armaments.

Coming to the method of reducing armaments, Mr. Gibson continued:

> Any approach to the disarmament problem on purely technical grounds is bound to be inconclusive. The technical justification of armaments is based on the experience of past wars and the anticipation of future wars. As long as the approach to the problem is based upon old fears and old suspicions there is little hope of disarmament.

And again, at a later point, he said:

> My government has always felt that we need no exact balance of ships and guns, which can be based only on the idea of conflict—what is really wanted is a common-sense agreement based on the idea that we are going to settle our problems by peaceful means.

It would be presumptuous at this time to attempt to pass judgment on the ability with which the American delegation is carrying out its mandate in action. The conference has not yet finished its task: it is still in the midst of an exceedingly difficult process of negotiation and is working under the added handicap of having its tentative decisions prejudged by a vast public which exacts the right to view and criticize every passing phase of the performance. But this is the price of present-day publicity, with its radio and movietone accompaniment, and conferences such as this can only accept the inevitable, if uncomfortable, consequences. Due allowance, therefore, must be made for the very real difficulties of working in the spotlight, and final judgments must be reserved until the negotiations are at an end. But with this qualification, it is possible to make some passing observations on the way the work is being carried forward at this stage.

Judged by the standards set forth by Mr. Gibson, the workmanship of Mr. Stimson and his aids has not been particularly impressive during the first month of the conference. The delegation has lacked that boldness which might have been expected from a group of statesmen supposedly chosen for their ability and character. But the most disquieting aspect of their work so far has been the extent to which they have appeared to accept the restricted viewpoint of the technician. The fear that the political heads of the delegation are falling under the influence of naval experts may yet be dissipated by a stroke of statesmanship, but there is a growing feeling that "naval opinion" is prevailing over "civilian opinion," to the detriment of the main objective, reduction.

It must be admitted, of course, that the "strategy" of the conference, as determined in its early stages by Prime Minister MacDonald, gave little scope for boldness, in the accepted sense of the term. The prolonged period of private discussion, characterized by an apparent lack of leadership and motivated by a fear that France would decline to play the game, permitted no outward show of initiative. The assumption was that if the delegation from across the Channel could be convinced there was no Anglo-American conspiracy, perhaps, after the questions of principle and method had been harmonized, and a spirit of tranquility established, some progress could be made when it came to actual building programs.

Whether this course was wisely chosen is open to question. There are those who hold that more might have been accomplished had an effort been made to include the French and Italian governments in the pre-conference discussions, and had the way been better prepared. But the point is that the way had not been prepared in advance, and the conference stood in real danger of breaking down unless French fears could be quieted. And in the first stage of the negotiations—that is, during the discussion of methods—Mr. Stimson and his fellow delegates performed very creditably. They suppressed any temptation to entrench themselves in a position from which they could not recede. And they kept discreetly in the background, conferred privately with each of the other delegations and bided their time. But this phase ended

suddenly, it will be recalled, with the public statement of Mr. Stimson on February 7, which almost upset the applecart.

The first indication of weakness came as an aftermath of Mr. Stimson's precipitous memorandum. As an example of uncritical subservience to technical naval opinion and preoccupation with mathematical parity (demanded by none save the belligerent big-navy advocates) the proposal for a new super-battleship to counterbalance the "Rodney" and the "Nelson" is without any equal. The plan was still-born, thanks to the publicity it received, and it has receded into the background. But the fact that it was ever seriously considered, and actually presented, has shaken the confidence in a delegation which was supposedly determined to bring about a reduction in armaments. The technical "justification" is unimportant. What is important, and what really disturbed Ramsay MacDonald, was the implication that the United States, despite all that has been said, still regards the British fleet as a potential enemy. What other implication could be placed on a proposal of this character? It was read in this light in Great Britain and on the Continent, and formed a strange contrast to the Hoover-MacDonald conversations. The damage can be repaired, no doubt, but the repairing will need a different brand of statesmanship.

Another instance of this subservience to the technical view, which received less publicity, developed just as the conference convened. It was known at the time that the British delegation might favor abolition of battleships, or at least drastic reduction with no new building until 1936, if the American delegation would accept such an offer. The offer was probably never made in so many words, but the American delegation was well aware of such a desire on the part of the British. Despite this knowledge and despite the repeated pledge of President Hoover to "go as low as any other power," the American delegation made not the slightest overture and permitted the circulation of stories to the effect that the United States was opposed to reduction in the size of battleships and opposed to reduction in numbers beyond fifteen. The technical reasons for this attitude were also allowed to become well known. Thus, once again, the implication was given that the United States must still think in terms of possible conflict with the British fleet. And during this period there appeared to exist a curious lack of complete candor between the British and American delegates, which made it difficult at times for them really to know each others' minds.

The American reaction to the British proposal to reduce the total tonnage of aircraft carriers from 135,000 tons, the Washington Treaty figure, to 100,000 tons was even more inexplicable. The proposal was made in the official British statement, and while it has not been publicly discussed, the opposition of the American delegation has been freely and vigorously expressed by technical naval advisers without contradiction from the political delegates. Reduction is disliked by the navy because the United States has tied up 66,000 tons in two huge aircraft carriers, the "Lexington" and the "Saratoga," and cannot build the number desired by the general board within the Washington Treaty limit, much less the lower figure proposed by Great Britain. Moreover, the experts are privately concerned about the value of aircraft carriers of the size of the "Lexington" and the "Saratoga," and view with alarm the larger number of units possessed by the British and other navies. The ridiculous part of this, however, is the fact that these two American vessels were themselves built on the advice of the same naval experts, who a few years ago sanctioned the policy of having them converted. If the delegation refuses to go as low as Great Britain in aircraft carriers and prevents reduction in this class, it may well be called upon for a strict accounting.

In cruisers, despite the nearness of agreement with Great Britain, the American delegation is resisting the Japanese and British proposal for limiting the size of cruisers mounting six-inch guns. This difference of opinion goes back to the dispute at Geneva in 1927, when the United States held out for the right to build an unlimited number of large cruisers, while Great Britain argued for a limit on size and guns. It was this controversy which wrecked the conference. The Hoover-MacDonald negotiations resulted in a tentative compromise, under which the United States was to have either twenty-one or eighteen large cruisers to fifteen for Great Britain, and a lower tonnage in small cruisers. And in the Stimson statement at the conference, the United States definitely proposed eighteen large cruisers. But as the price of technical naval approval to the reduction in numbers from twenty-one to eighteen, the political delegates apparently agreed to maintain the right of the United States to build six-inch-gun cruisers up to 9,000 or even 10,000 tons, should we so desire. The question is now before the first committee and will doubtless be adjusted, but the technical defense for 9,000-ton "small" cruisers, of which we would build about eight under the present plan, is scarcely in keeping with the main objective as outlined at Geneva by Mr. Gibson.

In matters of this kind, which are cropping up continually, and are reflected in the daily press conferences with the correspondents reporting for American newspapers, substance is given to the feeling that during the first month of the conference the United States has failed to show the boldness which might be expected. Those who are looking for something more than mere limitation at higher levels have found the American delegation more concerned with the possible attitude of the Senate and with precise mathematical parity than with possible ways of achieving reduction. Parity, after all, has its limits.

No person in his right mind believes that we are going to war with Great Britain or Japan before the next naval conference in 1936. Why, then, it may well be asked, cannot this be turned to some account at the present moment? Would it not be sound policy for the United States to declare, "We have stood for parity with Great Britain as a political method of ending competition between us. We maintain the right to equality with her, as she does with us, in every category of ships. But we do not necessarily feel compelled to follow Great Britain in the construction of ships which she may feel she needs for reasons which do not affect us. Should we ever feel called upon to build up in those classes, we may do so without question. But for the present we see no need."

Such a declaration coming from the United States might have a profound effect on the conference, and might, if boldly produced, afford a lead which Italy and Japan could follow. Certainly at the present stage some new element is needed to lift the discussion out of the realm of pure mathematics, and up to another level.

The United States has at least two other opportunities to prove the sincerity of its professions of faith in the Kellogg Pact. One is to declare a readiness to consult with other powers in the event of any disturbance likely to threaten the peace (including maritime trade routes). The other is to come forward with a proposal for drastic reduction in battleships. Both are practicable. They are among the possibilities of a bold policy.

W. T. STONE.

London.

The Steel Mills Today

II. *Conditions and Wages in the Industry*

This is the second of two articles by Mr. Ernst and Mr. Hartl, the result of a personal investigation made by them last summer of conditions in the steel mills. In their first article, printed in the issue of The New Republic for February 19, special attention was paid to the working schedules—the hours per day and the days per week—of labor in the industry. This article is devoted to a survey of the wage rates for common labor, and the consideration of such factors as pension systems, employees' age limits and group insurance affecting labor conditions at the mills.—THE EDITORS.

THERE is no industry but steel, probably, where so many men are required, by the very nature of their work, to support conditions so closely approaching the fundamentalist idea of hell. Here, those things which in other shops can aggravate the worker are magnified to an inhuman intensity. Here the lifting is heavier, the handling more dangerous. Here, in shops where one shift of men follows another without a break, windows grow sootier, the air more noxious, the floors and benches more gravelly with dust. Here the roar of the machinery is more deafening, nerve-shaking, and here its din goes on endlessly, night and day, with a more insane persistence. Here, above all, is the heat, the fierce, intolerable, furnace-heat of making steel. All this is fact, incontrovertible, inescapable; not even the most hardened mill-operator would deny it: it is inherent in the problem. It is a part of steel.

The work deadens the whole lives of the mill men. There is no laughter, no light-hearted joshing such as you will see at other factories, among the men of the steel mills as they come out the gates at the end of the shift. Their faces are somber, weary. They head straight for home: there is so little space between quitting-time and time to start work again. Many of the workers told us how, after looking forward all afternoon to the evening meal, they would reach home too tired to eat, too tired to stir out for a trip to the movies or even to sit up talking with their families, too tired for anything but bed and as much sleep as possible before another hard day's work began.

The work is filled with the danger of accident—danger which a callous foreman or a careless management can increase tremendously. Burns, cuts, smashed fingers, amputated members, occur with appalling frequency. At a mill in Washington, Pa., for instance, a man was brought in with a burn just below the eye, while we were in the office. Later, we visited in the hospital a sixteen-year-old boy in a critical condition from burns suffered a few days before. He told us that his foreman had sent him on an errand which took him through a dimly lighted part of the plant. Wandering through the half-darkness, blinded by the steam rising all about him, he had lost his way, stepped off the path: he fell into an open vat of boiling water. There was no one near to help him. He had to drag himself out unaided. He was horribly burned. According to the workers, the mill just referred to is notorious for frequent accidents and hard conditions.

But in all the plants, there are departments where, even if no disabling accident occurs, the constant heat, the sudden flurries of live flame, soon work a slow disfigurement. Standing at the plant gates, as we did one afternoon at the Allegheny Steel Company, it is easy to pick out the hot-mill men as they pass with the outgoing shift. Their

eyes squint; their faces have a crusted, leathery look. It is the heat they must all day long endure: it bakes the skin until in time it takes on the texture of scar-tissue, hard and unpliable.

The heat in these departments is such that men faint from it, are dragged outside to be revived, and then sent back to work again. The coke works is another part of the mill where heat reaches an almost unbelievable intensity. One of us worked for a time in this department of the Republic Steel Company at Youngstown, Ohio. His job was to keep the flues of the oven free from carbon. These flues rise about eight feet above the ovens: to get at them, the men stand, two to each oven, on a narrow framework of six-inch planking built around the mouth of the flue. Two men tend as many as twenty-five flues. Their tool is a fifteen-foot iron bar. This they ram down the throat of the flue, wrenching it about, knocking away the carbon.

A few minutes of this heavy work exhausts one man; he hands the bar over to the other. A few minutes more, and the bar must be pulled out to cool. The lower end is by now red hot, and the men wrap their hands in burlap before they touch it—as often as not the burlap itself catches fire on contact with the metal. Often, too, as the bar cracks through the caked carbon plugging the oven, live flame shoots from the clogged flue, the pent smoke and gases billow out: the men must protect themselves as best they can. Singes and face burns are common.

The foreman of this department, when we talked with him, complained of an unusually heavy labor turnover. An hour on the job, and we understood why. A week or two of such work is all any man, no matter how desperate, could stand.

These instances are cited only because they came directly under our notice; many other cases where men work in a similar inferno might be mentioned. But the mill-operator will already have been asking, what of it? That is the way that steel is made—melted in furnaces, blasted, shaped under heavy hammers. Must we do away with the metal—build houses of wood and rope, give up our motor-cars, locomotives, steel ships? This is, of course, the argument to absurdity, but it is the one often offered by the operatives. They simply refuse to admit that steel can be made without imposing conditions of almost bestial slavery upon the workers.

It is the argument they advanced in 1919 and again in 1923 to oppose any change in the twelve-hour day and the seven-day week. We have shown in our previous article how, mostly in spite of themselves, they have nevertheless been forced to make some improvement, however slight, in those working schedules. Let us now see what use they have made of those economic devices, so common at present in other industries, to safeguard their workers financially, to provide against old age—above all, how much they pay them for their eight, ten, eleven or twelve hours' labor under these admittedly inhuman conditions.

Of the 176 plants covered in our survey, only forty-three are using a pension system. Practically all of these are members of the United States Steel Corporation, the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, and the Wheeling Steel Corporation. Remove these three great organizations from the list, and you have removed practically all the pensions in the steel industry. Among those which do pension the workers, the system closely resembles that of the United States Steel Corporation, where a man is placed on pension at the age of sixty-five, provided he has served a minimum of twenty years.

The attitude of the men toward the pension is mixed, but a good many of them regard it merely as a sop to stop complaint, a pension in the future to keep them from rebellion today. They cite plenty of instances, too, where men were laid off after years of service, just before becoming eligible for pension. There was, of course, no possibility for us of proving the justice or injustice of this complaint, but it would obviously be both more economical and more efficient for a company, after laying off older men in a slack season, to take on younger, handier men in their places.

There were, we found, more than one hundred plants carrying some kind of group insurance. These vary, some being controlled completely or in part by the company, others entirely by the workers. The Allegheny Steel Company has one of the fairest systems of group insurance. The policy premiums are paid entirely by the company, and are arranged to increase in value with longer service.

At the outset, each worker receives a five-hundred-dollar policy, which is raised to $750 after six months, and increased accordingly thereafter, but in smaller amounts, until the sixth year, when the amount attains $2,000. After this, if the worker wishes, he may take out an additional policy for $1,000, paying a premium of $.85 a month. If he does so, the company gives him another thousand-dollar policy, itself paying the premiums. Thus, after six years in the company's service, it is possible for a man to carry insurance totaling $4,000, on which he pays a premium of $.85 a month.

Among other companies having somewhat similar systems are the Union Drawn Steel Company at Beaver Falls, Pa., which insures its men for amounts varying from $750 to $1,250, and the Molthrop Steel Products Company of the same city, insuring for amounts from $1,200 to $1,700, and also offering to the workers the privilege of taking out an extra $1,000 themselves.

A number of other companies have adopted a system by which they pay part of the premiums and the workers pay the balance. The Pittsburgh Steel Foundry Corporation at Glassport, Pa., carries a thousand-dollar policy for each man, itself paying the premiums after the fifth year: during the first five years, the worker pays an annual premium of $9. The Worth Steel Company at Chester, Pa.,

and the Republic Iron and Steel Company, stand half the expense of a thousand-dollar policy for each employee. The Standard Seamless Tube Company at Ambridge, Pa., and the Apollo Steel Company, at Apollo, Pa., pay 60 percent on a thousand-dollar policy. The Pittsburgh Crucible Steel Company and the Bethlehem Steel Corporation pay the policy premiums, and the workers pay a similar amount for sick-benefit funds. In the former company the men pay $1.70 per month and receive a sick-benefit payment of $12 a week.

The majority of the companies which have adopted group insurance, however, require that the entire premium be paid by the employee. Among these are the United States Steel Corporation, the Jones and Laughlin Steel Company, the Pittsburgh Steel Company, the Weirton Steel Company, the American Steel Foundries, the Babcock and Wilcox Steel Company, and the Spang-Chalfont Steel Company. The usual premium paid by the worker is $1 a month on a thousand-dollar policy. When sick benefit is added, the rate is usually about $1.50 per month.

On the whole, these systems of group insurance, wherever adopted, are a great protection to the worker and his family. The need of some such provision, against accident, death or old age, is obvious, the more so because practically all companies, whether they admit it or not, have adopted rigid age limits for the hiring of their men.

Data in respect to this question were extremely difficult to obtain. Of the 176 plants surveyed, only forty-two admitted having rules as to age in hiring, but if the subsidiaries of some thirty-six of these companies were included, the number would be much greater. Fourteen companies admitted an age limit of forty-five years: among these the most important were the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, the Crucible Steel Company, the Jones and Laughlin Steel Company, the Page Steel Company, the Pittsburgh Rolls Company, the Weirton Steel Company, and the Wisconsin Steel Company. Thirteen companies set the limit at fifty years—among them, the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company, the American Steel Foundry, the Apollo Steel Company, the Empire Steel Corporation, the Pittsburgh Steel Corporation, and the Timken Roller Bearing Company. Six companies—including the Wheeling Steel Corporation and the Illinois Steel Company, a subsidiary of United States Steel—claim a limit of fifty-five years. Three others set the limit at sixty years. The fact that so many other companies admitted to no limit, of course does not mean that they have none. It is simply part of the medieval policy of secrecy prevailing in the industry.

And now we come to the question of wages.

In the steel industry, as in any other, there are many workers—technical men, skilled workers—whose wages are high and whose working conditions are excellent. In steel, however, the percentage of common labor is overwhelmingly high, and it was, therefore, chiefly to study their conditions that our investigation was made.

We found that, taking the country as a whole, the rate paid for common labor in the steel industry varies from $.24 to $.50 an hour, with higher rates prevailing in the North, and lower rates in the South. There is a reason for this.

The whole problem of conditions in the steel mills is bound up with another problem—that of the exploitation of the Negro. Production methods nowadays are so uniform, transportation so cheap and rapid, that plants all over the country find themselves competing in the same markets. Thus, in the struggle to keep prices down to an equal level, the tendency even in high wage centers is for manufacturers to keep hours up and wages down, in each case on a level with those prevailing in sections where cheap, unorganized labor is plentiful. Nowhere is this more evident than in the steel industry.

Plants in the South depend on the Negro for common labor, and they exploit him mercilessly. He is worked ten hours, twelve hours a day, seven days a week. White foremen—"bulldog bosses"—ride him constantly. He lives in a hovel rather than a house, and he pays the rent to the company that hires him. He is not contented, naturally, but once caught in this grinding life, poverty-stricken, ill-educated, unorganized, there is no escape for him.

One family we came to know is typical of most of the Negro steel-workers in the South. They lived in a two-room cottage—one small room serving as kitchen and dining-room, the other as bedroom and parlor. There were ten children: four of them were without shoes; none had clothing decent enough to be seen in public. Their meals consisted of "white meat" and dry bread—and by "white meat" they meant pork fat, which can be bought for $.25 a pound. Once a week they have dessert with their supper. Once a year, on Christmas, they celebrate and have fruit. Amusements are out of the question; the father hardly knew what a movie was: at night he had no life in him, all he wanted was to sleep. He was working for the Thomas Steel Company, at Birmingham, getting about $3 a day for twelve hours' work.

His wages were high. The Woodward Steel Company, the Sloss and Sheffield Steel Company, and the Thomas Steel Company, all of Birmingham, and the Janson Steel Company of Columbia, Pa., pay a low rate of $.24 an hour—$2.40 for a ten-hour day! A few other companies—like the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, a subsidiary of United States Steel—pay as high as $.31 an hour.

As one moves northward, wages go consistently higher, but there is no doubt that they can never be raised to a decent level so long as the oppression of the Negro in the southern mills continues. In Maryland, eastern Pennsylvania and Ohio, wages are about $.37 an hour—a standard set by the Bethlehem Steel Corporation plant at Sparrows Point, Md. Around Pittsburgh, they range from

$.40 to $.44, the rate paid by the Babcock and Wilcox Tube Company, the A. M. Byers Company, the Crucible Steel Company, and the Pittsburgh Steel Company. In the same district, the Carnegie Steel Company pays $.44 for ten-hour workers, and $.50 for eight-hour men. In Chicago, the rate is around $.45 an hour, an exception being the Interstate Steel and Iron Company, which pays only $.40.

It is needless to moralize over this. The facts alone are enough. If a miracle were to happen: if the hours of labor were cut to forty-eight hours a week, if wages were raised to $1 an hour and if steady work were to be assured, most of us would still dodge the steel industry: the heat, the grime, the noise, the heart-breaking nature of the work would drive us away. Yet here we find, as the result of an actual survey covering over 300,000 workers, more than 150,000 men working ten hours or more a day, more than 77,000 working seven days a week and more than 170,000 working according to some form of "six-day week"; we find common labor in the mills paid a maximum of $.50, and a minimum of $.24, an hour; we find them living in poverty; we find most of them working in one of the most dangerous occupations, with only the sparsest of provision made against the burns that may maim them, the accidents that may kill them. . . . Such is the disheartening picture of life in the American steel mills today.

E. M. HARTL and E. G. ERNST.

The Townless Highway

THE design of automobiles took years to outgrow the fallacious notion that the motor car was just a horseless buggy. Our motor highways are still in much the same predicament that automobile design was in thirty years ago. Even our most modern roads, modern in the sense that they have solid foundations and concrete surfaces and banks at the sharp turns, are conceived as mere extensions and widenings of the old-fashioned highway designed for horse-drawn vehicles.

Actually, the motor road is a new kind of road, as different from the old-fashioned highway as the railroad was; and it demands, accordingly, a new type of plan. The logical development of the modern motor road, from the standpoint of transporting people and goods and guiding the new migration of population, is in the direction of the townless highway. In contrast with the Utopia of Roadtown, which Mr. Edgar Chambless published a few decades ago, the modern regional planner arrives at just the opposite solution: namely, a highway completely free of horses, carriages, pedestrians, towns, grade crossings; a highway built for the motorist and kept free from every encroachment, except the filling stations and restaurants necessary for his convenience. Motor traffic and pedestrian "living" do not go together. To insulate each activity is a prime condition for speed and convenience on the one hand, and for safety and peace of mind, to say nothing of freedom from noise and carbon monoxide, on the other.

We shall see how necessary and inevitable the townless highway is if we recall the main characteristics of our earlier periods of transportation.

The first migration of the American people was led by the covered wagon; the next migration was led by the iron horse, which located the railroad framework of the country and gave importance and prestige to the terminal and junction towns. The present migration of population is being conducted by the automobile; and while a *future* one may result from the airplane, there is no reason to think that surface transportation will disappear in any *early* future, although the two may become more closely coördinated. Accordingly, it is with the present migration that we must intelligently deal. Today's migration consists of a drift, more or less automatic and unplanned, from the principal cities, out along the main highways. The modern motor road has accordingly two distinct functions: one is transportation, or the immediate flow of people and goods, and the other is migration, or the relocation of the population on the map of the United States. Both the ox-team trail and the railway had this dual role. The earliest type of transportation furthered the multiplication of villages and small country towns, in relation to the agricultural hinterland; the railway, throughout large portions of the country, definitely located most of the major industrial towns; and now today the motorway is blindly creating still another set-up.

As guided by the ox-team and the railway, the American migration westward represented a crude and pioneer civilization; it lacked in large degree the physical conveniences and refinements of modern existence—the bathroom, the electric light, the telephone and private motor transport. But with all its shortcomings, this earlier civilization possessed, through the sheer accident of nature and geographic distribution, the physical basis for a genuine culture which might hold its own with any of its European origins: it possessed an unspoiled natural background and a choice of environments in which to live. Before 1900, an American could live in the city, or in the country, or in the backwoods. He had a choice of contacts—the great world of metropolitan affiliations and interests, or the great spirit of the wilderness untouched by man, or the contact of friend and neighbor in the smaller home community. In short, the nineteenth-century

American, though ideologically a complete individualist, had, as a fact of daily experience, the environment of community; he had also the environment of the open spaces—the forest on the mountain, the field by the wayside, or easy access to the open sea. All these primary types of environments are now in danger of extinction; the community and the open wayside are both on the point of being overwhelmed and obliterated by the present-day uncontrolled migration led by the motor car.

The motor car is a deceptive creature. As a result of its origin, we still think of it as a homely and companionable vehicle, like the old buggy, when in hard fact it is a species as distinct as the locomotive. By a similar transfer of habit, we have until very recently looked upon the motor road as a fitting frontage for our home lot, instead of regarding it realistically as a causeway, as much to be shunned as a railroad. Once these conventional prejudices are abolished, we see that the motor road is a new kind of railroad; although it has many features that make it quite distinct from that type of transportation. For one thing, this new "locomotive" swings into the track at any point along the line; for another, it runs both ways on a one-track road, and safety is based on the technique of remaining stolidly in line or becoming an artful dodger. Since the gasoline locomotive can enter at any point, it follows that continuous rows of buildings can flank the highway on either side; and thus arises that continuous haphazard wayside development known as the "motor slum." As the outcome of this purely automatic and unintelligent adaptation to a new means of transport, we have today an unsafe means of transportation and an uncivic channel of migration. The motor slum in the open country is today as massive a piece of defilement as the worst of the old-fashioned urban industrial slums; and highway transportation that leads through the hearts of our cities and villages, making every crossing a grade crossing, is safe for neither motorist nor pedestrian.

The cure for this double failure and this growing evil is to take more seriously our new means of transportation, and to create for it new communal forms that correspond with its new functions. We must provide for properly guarded approaches to, and crossings of, the main motor highways at proper intervals; we must provide stopping places or stations, from each of which a side road will lead to the adjacent town with its business quarters and its properly secluded residential sections; we must take possession of the surrounding right-of-way, keeping it free from haphazard commercial development and obtaining for the benefit of the motorist the pleasant views and aspects of the country, unsullied by the rowdy clamor of billboard advertising. This may seem a large program; but actually it is merely the safe minimum demanded; and when one considers the loss to life and property and health and pleasure occasioned by our present methods of motor-road building, the price is but a small one to pay.

One bold start has already been made in the direction of adapting the motor car to an effective community life; and that is in the little city of Radburn, New Jersey, now being built by the City Housing Corporation of New York. This is the first attempt to think through the implications of modern transportation, and the demonstration that has been made here is not merely of prime importance to city planners: it is in truth a pattern for modern highway development beyond the limits of the city. Radburn consists, with respect to its road system, of a skeleton of major avenues and highways connected with the actual residential streets, which are a series of related cul-de-sacs backed by open park land. The home never comes in direct contact with the main motorway: the dwelling house fronts on a lane by which the motor car can enter and depart, but which it can never pass through. The pedestrian has his own footways, which are divorced from the motorways; the footway crosses the motorway by an underpass: in short, the grade crossing has been abolished. This means that through traffic can proceed along the major avenues without hindrance; it also means that the motor car entering the residential cul-de-sac is unhurried by the push of traffic from behind. In Radburn, in other words, the town is located "off the railroad" and the "railroad" is unimpeded by the town: each one gets rid of the other and profits by the isolation.

This happy divorce has sometimes been achieved by natural accident when by the grace of topography a thoroughfare runs through a valley and leaves an old village on top of a hill. The townless highway would repeat this practice, by design and not by accident. The townless highway is a motorway, in which the adjoining towns would be in the same relationship to the road as the residential cul-de-sacs in Radburn are to the main traffic avenues. What Radburn does in the local community, the townless highway would do for the country at large. This is genuine motorway planning—as opposed to the backward and conventional planning in which we now sink millions of dollars of the community's money. Instead of a single roadtown slum, congealing between our big cities, the townless highway would encourage the building of real communities at definite and favorable points *off* the main road. The cul-de-sac town is the necessary corollary of safe and swift major transportation arteries. Regional planning with these ends in view will in turn save both the local community and the open wayside environment, and give proper access to the wild places, instead of insidiously wiping out all these precious assets together.

The main aims and methods of the townless highway may now be summarized. There are four specific objectives:

(1) To abolish the motor slum, or roadtown, and develop the rural wayside environment. To attain this, certain measures are suggested: namely,

the abolition of approaches to the main highway except at certain points; public ownership, or effective public control through rigorous zoning, of the foreground along the right-of-way, the land to be purchased in advance of road construction, or to be obtained through excess condemnation; proper landscape development of the foreground, including the culture of shade trees and the strict regulation of telephone and electric-light lines; and finally, strict control of highway service-station development, including location, architecture, management of filling stations, eating places and other wayside utilities.

(2) To stimulate the growth of the distinct community, compactly planned and limited in size, like the old New England village or the modern Radburn. This involves avoidance by the highway of the small town or village and its approach via a side lane, or more than one. It also involves provision of side-lane approaches leading to prospective villages or communities, each such community to be laid out in accordance with approved modern town-planning principles, for economy, amenity, and preservation as a distinct community.

(3) To relieve both the through road and the local town from unnecessary congestion and other sources of friction. To attain this, the highway should avoid each larger town and city by means of a by-pass around it.

(4) To insure safety alike to the through motorist and to the local population. This entails four measures: the abolition of grade crossings on both the railroad and the motor road; the use of safety traps at all approaches to the highway; the limitation of the use of the highway to a single purpose—passenger traffic, and the building of suitable express highways for motor-freight traffic; and finally, the double-tracking of the highway so as to make two separate parallel one-way roads at varying distances apart—the foreground on each road, including wherever practicable all land between the roads, to be in public ownership or control as already suggested.

A national highway policy based on these features would have a leverage at hand, namely, the fund in the United States Treasury now being annually appropriated for the federal-aided state roads. These appropriations could be made on the contingency that certain conditions (embodying specified features) be carried out. Such a policy could apply to new lines of road to be constructed and in part to present lines to be remodeled. The matter could be placed in the hands of some comprehensive body, such as the recently established Federal Traffic Commission or some other comprehensive board to be created for the purpose. It would, of course, require action by Congress.

Any highway policy should form part of a larger policy of national transportation and migration whose ultimate purpose would involve the relocation and redistribution of the American people. This larger policy would involve transportation "of," "by" and "for": transportation *of* passengers, of freight and parcels, of power, of light, of messages; transportation *by* land, by water, by air; transportation *for* industrial purposes, for recreational purposes, for general living. It would involve transmission line, telephone and radio as well as steamship and airplane, freight car and motor truck. It would require a broad-gauged regional and inter-regional planning such as that proposed recently by Mr. Thomas H. MacDonald, Chief of the United States Bureau of Public Roads, and by other far-seeing public men. Some central body, in close touch with the President and Congress on the one side and with the several states on the other, should have this task in hand. And a critical part of their super-plans, in the present phase of our history and resettlement, would seem to be a national system of federal-aided passenger motor-roads to take the lead in guiding our people, in accordance with some definite policy, into appropriate communities and settings for furthering the cultural growth, and not merely the industrial expansion, of American civilization.

BENTON MACKAYE.

Mrs. McCormick of Illinois

EXCITEMENT was rife in the Coroner's office in Chicago. A witness of the latest gang murder was recounting what he had seen, when, lo! a tall, slender, grim-looking woman with bird-like ankles rushed into the room. Brushing through the reporters, lawyers, witnesses and jurymen as if they were trees, she seized the Coroner.

"I've got trouble with the milk on my farm," she told him.

"But we're in the midst of an inquest," remonstrated the Coroner, who was formerly Health Commissioner, and who was an authority on milk before he began specializing in blood. Chicago politicians are versatile.

"I can't wait a moment," she persisted. "One of my Holstein cows, Daisy—"

"What the hell do you call that?" asked a bewildered reporter as the room was being cleared.

"Oh, that's Ruth Hanna McCormick," a veteran informed him. "Her husband, the late Senator McCormick, once said of her: 'Throw Ruth out of the window, she'll come in again and apologize for having fallen out.'"

The blood inquisitors fumed and shifted weight while Mrs. McCormick and the Coroner talked milk. Emerging half an hour later, she flashed a smile at her victims which metamorphosed her pale face as the acquisition of a beau transforms a neglected girl. She had got what she wanted.

Soon after her husband's death the daughter of Mark Hanna visualized her slim figure in a seat in the United States Senate and liked it. Unfortunately, the present incumbent, Senator Charles S. Deneen, had the seat. Well, the old man would

have to be put out. Though the House held no glamor for her—other women had made that!—she saw the possibility of gauging her strength in the state by making a bid for the job of congressman-at-large. "Whew!" exclaimed the spitting politicians in Illinois. A woman! And a funny one at that. You couldn't depend on her. Hadn't she and her husband bolted with Roosevelt in 1912? Didn't she once work for labor legislation in the state? You couldn't tell about her! Their suspicions were confirmed when, on announcing her candidacy, she cast aspersions on their own beloved "baloney."

"Usually when a candidate announces his candidacy," she said, "we read in the paper that owing to the demand of his constituency and the pressure of his friends, he has reluctantly agreed to make this great sacrifice and run for office. In all candor and honesty I must say that nobody asked me to run. I have had no demand upon me from constituents, friends, enemies, neighbors or family, and, as far as I know, nobody wants me to run. But I hope at the end of the campaign that I am going to find a sufficient number of people who think I ought to run."

She did—and strangely enough, she found them among the politicians. Not that they wanted her to win, but they couldn't afford to oppose her. Backed by the smart women's clubs which she herself had organized in behalf of her husband, she represented the "better element." That was worth playing for. The objectionable Len Small, who had supported Deneen against her husband, threw her his support. So did the opposing Glenn-Emmerson faction, also politically obligated to Deneen. So did Thompson, defeated by Medill McCormick in his first campaign for the Senate, but seeking to mend his political fences. True, she had said bitter things about him once, but bygones were bygones: he could help her now. In the counties where he was popular, she did not disown him.

In a gleaming Marmon—she admits that she's rich—she sailed into every one of the 101 counties in Illinois, the crowds flocking out to see her. "Mark Hanna's daughter!" they whispered, craning their necks as she appeared in a smartly tailored suit and satin blouse. "Them clothes don't look as if a maid bought them!" said the women, commenting on a prevalent rumor. "She ain't no beauty!" said the men, eyeing the plain, unrouged, thin-lipped woman on the platform. But when she started to talk politics, the glow in her lovely brown eyes lit up her face and set it afire. The eyes darted from side to side. Now the left eyebrow flew up as the right eye squinted, now the brows puckered, now the cheeks puffed, now a row of healthy looking teeth caught the lower lip, a clenched fist banged and a long forefinger wagged, while blunt, crisp monosyllables rushed forth, rising at times to an animated pitch, again dropping so low they were swallowed up in the torrent.

"My God!" exclaimed a man, finding himself again after the bombardment, "she ain't like other women, she's got a head."

"She's a business woman, that's what," declared another.

"I'm gonna work for her," announced his wife.

Delighted, Mrs. McCormick's lieutenants hiding in the audience hurried away to repeat what they had heard.

At the end of the campaign, her hulky chauffeur was fit for a sanitarium, but Mrs. McCormick of the bird-like ankles and transparent wrists was exultant: she led the state ticket in 1928. A month after taking her seat in the House, she blithely announced her candidacy for the Senate. Even the people who expected it gasped: it was an unheard-of performance. Mrs. Lottie Holman O'Neill, a Deneenite in the Illinois legislature, proclaimed: "Mrs. McCormick's personal ambition for power brooks no interference. Every woman in the party with leadership possibilities has been balked by her. She has no personal feeling against me, but is Mark Hanna's daughter, with his desire to boss." (Mrs. O'Neill has been thwarted in two political quests since Mrs. McCormick decided to go to the Senate.) With perfect good humor, if not complete veracity, the candidate retorted, "I find that Mrs. O'Neill was misinformed on all the points raised in her interview, except the accusation that I am Mark Hanna's daughter."

With the Republican primaries in the offing—April 8 is the date—political leaders of the faction-ridden state are refusing to commit themselves; they are playing the winner. But on the division of their forces hangs Mrs. McCormick's political fate, for the Republican nomination in Illinois is equivalent to election. In the meantime, Senator Deneen is worried. Before he started talking to the crowds in Illinois, in the hottest campaign ever waged in the state, he was seen on the streets of the Capital talking to himself.

A wiry, long-legged girl, Ruth Hanna McCormick was educated in private schools, but her real training came from Mark Hanna, the Quaker. When she was his secretary in Washington, she had to be in the office at nine though she had danced half the previous night. Curled up in a chair, she was privileged to listen in on his political conferences, many of them tête-à-têtes with McKinley or Roosevelt. Though they lasted till dawn, her mind could not wander because he questioned her later.

To be a successful politician, he told her, one must have the hide of a rhinoceros and a sense of the ridiculous. Ruth developed both. Let one of the men on her farm leave a scrap of loose paper around and he is docked a quarter. In her newspaper office—she recently bought The Rockford Republican to play with—a plaintive fellow gets a week off to be cured, after which he must work uncomplainingly, or be fired. It may sound a bit grim, but it's the Hanna creed. Nevertheless, when the Cleveland carmen went on strike in the nineties,

the abolition of approaches to the main highway except at certain points; public ownership, or effective public control through rigorous zoning, of the foreground along the right-of-way, the land to be purchased in advance of road construction, or to be obtained through excess condemnation; proper landscape development of the foreground, including the culture of shade trees and the strict regulation of telephone and electric-light lines; and finally, strict control of highway service-station development, including location, architecture, management of filling stations, eating places and other wayside utilities.

(2) To stimulate the growth of the distinct community, compactly planned and limited in size, like the old New England village or the modern Radburn. This involves avoidance by the highway of the small town or village and its approach via a side lane, or more than one. It also involves provision of side-lane approaches leading to prospective villages or communities, each such community to be laid out in accordance with approved modern town-planning principles, for economy, amenity, and preservation as a distinct community.

(3) To relieve both the through road and the local town from unnecessary congestion and other sources of friction. To attain this, the highway should avoid each larger town and city by means of a by-pass around it.

(4) To insure safety alike to the through motorist and to the local population. This entails four measures: the abolition of grade crossings on both the railroad and the motor road; the use of safety traps at all approaches to the highway; the limitation of the use of the highway to a single purpose—passenger traffic, and the building of suitable express highways for motor-freight traffic; and finally, the double-tracking of the highway so as to make two separate parallel one-way roads at varying distances apart—the foreground on each road, including wherever practicable all land between the roads, to be in public ownership or control as already suggested.

A national highway policy based on these features would have a leverage at hand, namely, the fund in the United States Treasury now being annually appropriated for the federal-aided state roads. These appropriations could be made on the contingency that certain conditions (embodying specified features) be carried out. Such a policy could apply to new lines of road to be constructed and in part to present lines to be remodeled. The matter could be placed in the hands of some comprehensive body, such as the recently established Federal Traffic Commission or some other comprehensive board to be created for the purpose. It would, of course, require action by Congress.

Any highway policy should form part of a larger policy of national transportation and migration whose ultimate purpose would involve the relocation and redistribution of the American people. This larger policy would involve transportation "of," "by" and "for": transportation *of* passengers, of freight and parcels, of power, of light, of messages; transportation *by* land, by water, by air; transportation *for* industrial purposes, for recreational purposes, for general living. It would involve transmission line, telephone and radio as well as steamship and airplane, freight car and motor truck. It would require a broad-gauged regional and inter-regional planning such as that proposed recently by Mr. Thomas H. MacDonald, Chief of the United States Bureau of Public Roads, and by other far-seeing public men. Some central body, in close touch with the President and Congress on the one side and with the several states on the other, should have this task in hand. And a critical part of their super-plans, in the present phase of our history and resettlement, would seem to be a national system of federal-aided passenger motor-roads to take the lead in guiding our people, in accordance with some definite policy, into appropriate communities and settings for furthering the cultural growth, and not merely the industrial expansion, of American civilization.

BENTON MACKAYE.

Mrs. McCormick of Illinois

EXCITEMENT was rife in the Coroner's office in Chicago. A witness of the latest gang murder was recounting what he had seen, when, lo! a tall, slender, grim-looking woman with bird-like ankles rushed into the room. Brushing through the reporters, lawyers, witnesses and jurymen as if they were trees, she seized the Coroner.

"I've got trouble with the milk on my farm," she told him.

"But we're in the midst of an inquest," remonstrated the Coroner, who was formerly Health Commissioner, and who was an authority on milk before he began specializing in blood. Chicago politicians are versatile.

"I can't wait a moment," she persisted. "One of my Holstein cows, Daisy—"

"What the hell do you call that?" asked a bewildered reporter as the room was being cleared.

"Oh, that's Ruth Hanna McCormick," a veteran informed him. "Her husband, the late Senator McCormick, once said of her: 'Throw Ruth out of the window, she'll come in again and apologize for having fallen out.'"

The blood inquisitors fumed and shifted weight while Mrs. McCormick and the Coroner talked milk. Emerging half an hour later, she flashed a smile at her victims which metamorphosed her pale face as the acquisition of a beau transforms a neglected girl. She had got what she wanted.

Soon after her husband's death the daughter of Mark Hanna visualized her slim figure in a seat in the United States Senate and liked it. Unfortunately, the present incumbent, Senator Charles S. Deneen, had the seat. Well, the old man would

have to be put out. Though the House held no glamor for her—other women had made that!—she saw the possibility of gauging her strength in the state by making a bid for the job of congressman-at-large. "Whew!" exclaimed the spitting politicians in Illinois. A woman! And a funny one at that. You couldn't depend on her. Hadn't she and her husband bolted with Roosevelt in 1912? Didn't she once work for labor legislation in the state? You couldn't tell about her! Their suspicions were confirmed when, on announcing her candidacy, she cast aspersions on their own beloved "baloney."

"Usually when a candidate announces his candidacy," she said, "we read in the paper that owing to the demand of his constituency and the pressure of his friends, he has reluctantly agreed to make this great sacrifice and run for office. In all candor and honesty I must say that nobody asked me to run. I have had no demand upon me from constituents, friends, enemies, neighbors or family, and, as far as I know, nobody wants me to run. But I hope at the end of the campaign that I am going to find a sufficient number of people who think I ought to run."

She did—and strangely enough, she found them among the politicians. Not that they wanted her to win, but they couldn't afford to oppose her. Backed by the smart women's clubs which she herself had organized in behalf of her husband, she represented the "better element." That was worth playing for. The objectionable Len Small, who had supported Deneen against her husband, threw her his support. So did the opposing Glenn-Emmerson faction, also politically obligated to Deneen. So did Thompson, defeated by Medill McCormick in his first campaign for the Senate, but seeking to mend his political fences. True, she had said bitter things about him once, but bygones were bygones: he could help her now. In the counties where he was popular, she did not disown him.

In a gleaming Marmon—she admits that she's rich—she sailed into every one of the 101 counties in Illinois, the crowds flocking out to see her. "Mark Hanna's daughter!" they whispered, craning their necks as she appeared in a smartly tailored suit and satin blouse. "Them clothes don't look as if a maid bought them!" said the women, commenting on a prevalent rumor. "She ain't no beauty!" said the men, eyeing the plain, unrouged, thin-lipped woman on the platform. But when she started to talk politics, the glow in her lovely brown eyes lit up her face and set it afire. The eyes darted from side to side. Now the left eyebrow flew up as the right eye squinted, now the brows puckered, now the cheeks puffed, now a row of healthy looking teeth caught the lower lip, a clenched fist banged and a long forefinger wagged, while blunt, crisp monosyllables rushed forth, rising at times to an animated pitch, again dropping so low they were swallowed up in the torrent.

"My God!" exclaimed a man, finding himself again after the bombardment, "she ain't like other women, she's got a head."

"She's a business woman, that's what," declared another.

"I'm gonna work for her," announced his wife.

Delighted, Mrs. McCormick's lieutenants hiding in the audience hurried away to repeat what they had heard.

At the end of the campaign, her hulky chauffeur was fit for a sanitarium, but Mrs. McCormick of the bird-like ankles and transparent wrists was exultant: she led the state ticket in 1928. A month after taking her seat in the House, she blithely announced her candidacy for the Senate. Even the people who expected it gasped: it was an unheard-of performance. Mrs. Lottie Holman O'Neill, a Deneenite in the Illinois legislature, proclaimed: "Mrs. McCormick's personal ambition for power brooks no interference. Every woman in the party with leadership possibilities has been balked by her. She has no personal feeling against me, but is Mark Hanna's daughter, with his desire to boss." (Mrs. O'Neill has been thwarted in two political quests since Mrs. McCormick decided to go to the Senate.) With perfect good humor, if not complete veracity, the candidate retorted, "I find that Mrs. O'Neill was misinformed on all the points raised in her interview, except the accusation that I am Mark Hanna's daughter."

With the Republican primaries in the offing—April 8 is the date—political leaders of the faction-ridden state are refusing to commit themselves; they are playing the winner. But on the division of their forces hangs Mrs. McCormick's political fate, for the Republican nomination in Illinois is equivalent to election. In the meantime, Senator Deneen is worried. Before he started talking to the crowds in Illinois, in the hottest campaign ever waged in the state, he was seen on the streets of the Capital talking to himself.

A wiry, long-legged girl, Ruth Hanna McCormick was educated in private schools, but her real training came from Mark Hanna, the Quaker. When she was his secretary in Washington, she had to be in the office at nine though she had danced half the previous night. Curled up in a chair, she was privileged to listen in on his political conferences, many of them tête-à-têtes with McKinley or Roosevelt. Though they lasted till dawn, her mind could not wander because he questioned her later.

To be a successful politician, he told her, one must have the hide of a rhinoceros and a sense of the ridiculous. Ruth developed both. Let one of the men on her farm leave a scrap of loose paper around and he is docked a quarter. In her newspaper office—she recently bought The Rockford Republican to play with—a plaintive fellow gets a week off to be cured, after which he must work uncomplainingly, or be fired. It may sound a bit grim, but it's the Hanna creed. Nevertheless, when the Cleveland carmen went on strike in the nineties,

Mark Hanna's employees did not join; similarly, Ruth's chauffeur was once her coachman.

When she bought her farm, 2,400 acres on the banks of the Rock River—she classifies herself as a farmer—the neighbors began to mumble, "What do those rich people want around here anyway?" They saw her dash around in breeches and were shocked; they heard her talk about contagious abortion and became suspicious. The eccentric Medill McCormick, who never understood plain people, wanted to run away, but his wife, scenting a battle, hung on. In the local hardware store she was confronted by the dealer's aloofness. "Listen here," she said, "do you want me to buy my knives in Rockford? I'll have to, if you continue to act this way. I've come to live in Byron because it's the most beautiful spot in Illinois. You don't realize how beautiful your river is. Now I'm a perfectly nice woman. Why do you behave like that? Tell me," she persisted, "what is the matter with me?" The dealer began to laugh and they became good friends.

Arriving in Washington in her own right last spring, she opened up two offices besides the one given her in the House Office Building. One, not without point, is in the Labor Building, where the sheet, Labor, is published. On the walls are pictures of her cows, her "kids" (as she calls them) and her father; on her desk the latest books are piled high, ranging from one on automobiles to one on the Jews; everywhere are secretaries. The gentlewoman from Illinois easily has more secretaries than the President, who has only the country to worry about. See the gamut of her interests in snatches from ten minutes of her conversation over the telephone:

"But, Senator, he's the leading Greek in Chicago; his appointment means 4,000 votes . . . then you'll send me an outline of the geography course, Miss H——; I give her a test every Sunday . . . I'm bustin' to take the kitten, Anne, but . . . I read the statement last night and listen, W——, if you sell that bull . . . let's run an editorial on it, it's the dickens . . . hello, Josie darling, have you by any chance heard that I'm running for the Senate? Oh, yes, I'm having lots of fun . . . all right, beat it. . . ."

In the House, slouched in her seat and looking as comfortable as a cat on a hearth, she has not bothered to take the floor once. How could anybody who sat in McKinley's lap as a little girl get a kick out of addressing the House? Only once did she send the correspondents scurrying to their typewriters, and that was when she sat down to chat with the dusky congressman who represents a very heavy colored vote in Chicago. (Her picture hangs on his office wall.) Recently she breezed into Washington, informing everybody in her slightly roughened, yet pleasant, voice, that she came to vote on the oleomargarine bill. "Gee, but she's considerate of the farmers!" everybody remarked, impressed. Unluckily, the bill was delayed and she left town a few hours before the vote was held.

But, if she bluffs, it's only in little things; in the bigger ones she is refreshingly free of the buncombe that swells most of her colleagues. If, like her Papa, she's an autocrat, she's a likable one and smart. If personal ambition is her motive in running for the Senate, then, thank God, she admits it. If she is, alas, a regular Republican like her opponent—minus his liberal attitude toward the World Court—she nevertheless has a certain independence which, as we saw, worries the politicians and makes her "uncertain." She is a Dry while The Chicago Tribune, published by her husband's family, is Wet. Still, in the contest between a Wet and a Dry for the position of National Committeewoman from Illinois, she backed the Wet, bringing down the horrid abuse of the Drys on her head. The Dry was a Deneenite, and for Mrs. McCormick prohibition does not come first.

Her dull opponent has plenty of money behind him; he is an intensive campaigner and knows all the political tricks. Besides, in a politically backward state, he is helped by his sex and by holding the office for which she is a candidate. But he has everything to lose, while she has everything to gain; he is scared, while she is having "lots of fun." At a party recently she stood on the sidelines, softened by evening dress and indulging in her grand chuckle, as he obediently received her guests to their overwhelming surprise. Remember how Hanna enjoyed his own show in St. Louis in 1896? Well, the sins of the father have again been visited on the children.

DUFF GILFOND.

Harpy and Hunter

Harpy and Hunter
Went for a bath
In the Gulf Stream,
Harpy and Hunter:
One fat as a target,
The other a lath;
Excellent
Harpy and Hunter.

Harpy and Hunter
Were caught by the tide—
Oh, look at them!
Harpy and Hunter!
One of them drowned,
The other cried;
How pitiful,
Harpy and Hunter.

Harpy (or Hunter—
I never knew which)
Was haunted by
Harpy (or Hunter)
Till a sexton at last
Provided a niche
For the other one,
Harpy (or Hunter).

A. E. COPPARD.

Washington Notes

BY THE time this is printed, the efficient Herbert will have rounded out the first year of his term and started in on the second. Not even his most ardent advocate contends that he has had a very satisfactory twelve months in the White House. His most sanguine supporters see trouble ahead and are not pleased with the prospect. Scarcely a day goes by without harsh words being flung at him in the Senate, and he is subjected daily to the hot fire of the Democratic publicity bureau, with no facility for adequate return. Beyond question, things have been breaking badly for him in the last six months, and the stage has now been reached when in Medicine Ball circles there is more or less real perturbation. Even the most enthusiastic of the tossers—a gentleman whose unwavering belief that the right will prevail is ordinarily a beautiful thing to observe—has a harrowed look and a depressed air, and is beginning to suspect that something has unduly delayed the normal prevailing process.

Hardly a thing is going as it should from the Hoover point of view. As the tariff bill approaches the conference period, its ultimate fate is still shrouded in doubt, and its final shape will certainly be nothing to cheer about. The earliest estimated date for enactment is now April 15, but it is likely to be much later. As for the London conference, it is thickly caked with gloom, and administration hopes of achievement are concededly dim.

Conferences of this sort have a way of unexpectedly pulling out of the ditch at the last gasp, and it may be that this one will do so. However, such is not the expectation of the best informed, and already the correspondents and experts are beginning to drift back home. Nor, I regret to say, do any of them grow eulogistic over the manner in which "Our Harry," as his New York friends habitually refer to the Secretary of State, has functioned. The general feeling seems to be that "Our Harry" has just missed fire over there. Certainly he has not impressed observers as being either astute or forceful, and his handling of the publicity has been undeniably bad. Both British and French have managed this vital end of the business much more expertly.

For example, I am told that after one important consultation with the British and French premiers, while MacDonald was explaining things to the British journalists and Tardieu to the French, "Our Harry" sent the charming Mr. Arthur Page out to tell the American correspondents what had happened without having himself told Mr. Arthur Page—at least such was the impression of the correspondents. In view of the fact that a considerable number of them were hostile anyhow, this method could hardly be described as effective. As for the other delegates, the returned travelers say that a noble young defender of Mr. Mellon and Mr. Vare, Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania, is too engrossed in his social engagements to be often seen, and that, aside from Dwight Morrow, Senator Robinson of Arkansas seems to be the most level-headed, forceful and effective member of the American delegation. This gives an idea of the caliber of the conference statesmanship.

Passing lightly over the tariff and the naval conference to other vexatious situations that confront the administration, mention should be made of the rather pathetic lack of luck in which Mr. Hoover's Farm Board has played, the resentment in the party aroused by both the action and inaction of Mr. Hoover's personally selected chairman of the National Committee, Mr. Claudius Huston of Tennessee, and the undisguised hostility toward Mr. Hoover personally of both Republican extremes—the Progressives on the one end and the Old Grundy Guard on the other. However, none of these touches the really important presidential troubles. Futility so far as both tariff and naval reduction are concerned could, under normal conditions, be borne with serenity and without damage. So also could the antagonism of the Senate and the dislike of the Republican factional leaders. Under ordinary circumstances, these things might be turned into White House assets. Probably they would have been, had not the prosperity bucket been upset and the prohibition bonfire begun to blaze with unprecedented fury. As it is, the degree to which the business depression and the liquor agitation have refused to yield to Mr. Hoover's "constructive steps" is his real cause for worry. This tends to exaggerate his minor irritations and prevents him from dealing calmly with them.

I am revealing no secret when I say that Mr. Hoover is greatly disturbed over the prohibition question and deeply disappointed at the way in which his efforts to remove it from the sphere of politics through the Wickersham Commission and its law-tightening recommendations have been received; though how he could have expected anything else is hard to comprehend. I think he had the idea that, having been elected by an overwhelming majority as a Dry pledged to enforce prohibition, the way was perfectly clear for him to devote his first term to a thorough test of the theory that existing laws on this subject can be enforced by reorganization of the machinery and by determined effort. During his second term were to be made such recommendations for changes in the law as might be indicated by the experience of his first term. I am convinced that some such notion as this was in Mr. Hoover's mind. The fact that the Wets, instead of recognizing the first part of this program as reasonable and acquiescing in it, have made an assault all along the line—an assault that in vigor, sincerity and the character and quality of the participants both in and out of Congress is the most impressive demonstration against prohibition made since the amendment was adopted—has been a shock to him. As things stand today in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and various other states, the issue promises to be more vibrant than any other in the November election. In addition, there promises to be an increase in Wet strength in both House and Senate.

At least some of the Hoover prohibition recommendations will fail to pass the House, and the fight for modification, however uphill, will be kept up more or less constantly through the rest of the present session of Congress and the next. There will be no period of peaceful contemplation of the noble experiment, and Mr. Hoover's expectation that there would be is simply another indication of his naïve nature. He has not tried to hide from his

closer friends his chagrin over the situation. One of them told me a few days ago that he proposed making another appeal to the country for a "temperate trial" of efficient enforcement, and particularly for the removal of the question from political discussion. Imagine how far he will get with that!

Altogether these are parlous days for Herbert. Yet his friends, though troubled, do not despair. Their contention is that the last two years of the present Hoover term will see a recovery of business and prosperity greater than before. So far as the second term is concerned, this, they hold, will solve that problem and give him his chance to work out the second part of his prohibition program. Perhaps so; one can never tell. All we know now is that business is bad, that his idea of a "temperate trial" of prohibition, even aside from politics, does not please Drys much more than it does Wets, and that he, poor man, seems to be in a peck of trouble.

Washington. T. R. B.

The Neighborhood and the Guild

The Apple Cart, by Bernard Shaw. Martin Beck Theater, February 24, 1930.

A Pagan Poem, by Charles Martin Loeffler; La Procession Nocturne, by Henri Rabaud; New Year's Eve in New York, by Werner Janssen. Mecca Auditorium, February 20, 1930.

I WAS not sure at the time that I would have sat on through "The Apple Cart" except for my interest in seeing what Mr. Shaw is about nowadays, in this his latest piece. And yet on the whole I think I might have, for after all the talk is on the level with intelligent conversation in any country, instead of being that curiously lowered and at the same time heightened conversation so frequent in plays; and the ideas, if mildly put, are nevertheless in the world of ideas. There are the usual tricks and turns in the Shavian style, grown now gentler in their manner, if no wiser in their content. "The Apple Cart" lacks the fervor of "Back to Methuselah," the poignancy and color of "The Doctor's Dilemma," and the wit and glitter of many another of Mr. Shaw's plays. But it is his play after all.

The story of "The Apple Cart" is a struggle, in the future, between King Magnus and his Cabinet, with a wisp of domesticity and king's-mistress thrown in. A new President of the Board of Trade appears and is in his turn won over or confused by the King. The Prime Minister is the one matching force, as a matter of fact, and the rest of the Cabinet a poor lot, there for various interests and on varying levels of patriotic ardor. One of the regular crises is on. The King is to sign an ultimatum, renouncing public speeches and the royal veto. There is a mistress in the palace, a good, sensible Queen, and some expositionary (for the play's sake) secretaries. In the end the King, by threatening to resign and to represent the Borough of Windsor, et cetera, wins the day, not long after the American Ambassador has appeared with the news that the United States has decided to come back to the fold, to be reunited to England—yes, to swamp England, thinks the King.

As farce or extravaganza "The Apple Cart," for any full effect, needs to go higher in pitch. As social comedy or as politics, its general tone is more or less benign, without having the pulse and beat that would stir things along. As a picture of the Future-according-to-Mr.-Shaw, "The Apple Cart" has not found an adequate image; I mean that the story of this struggle between King and Cabinet, plus some minor prophecies, does not seem to contain sufficiently the implications of the theme. But the idea of the King's being the one English gentleman left interested in government is effective and significant, and the idea of the King's keeping himself on the throne by his own qualities more or less, and defeating the Cabinet by his tact, wits and breeding, is capital, and rich with dramatic possibilities.

Granting the play in this plane, without much extravagance in pitch or impishness of intention, the directing given it by Mr. Philip Moeller was admirable. The Guild production was equally so, if you grant that those badly made costumes and that lack of air for the Cabinet ministers, none of whom was any longer a man of distinction, were intentional, and if you grant that the design for the Royal Mistress' boudoir, with its mulberry, rose doré, brown and gilt combination in a relaxed roccoco style, was a witty way of saying that royal mistresses are the same throughout the ages. Otherwise, Mr. Simonson's first set, the room in the palace, was adequate; and the setting for the remaining act, with its highly diverting and decorative modern sky, and its descending ramparts and other advanced architectural details, was the most interesting design that I have encountered this season, a décor, in fact, far wittier than the play was at the moment.

From another point of view, "The Apple Cart" might, instead of being casually contemporaneous with the audience, have been given costumes more adventurous, to accompany such a setting, and the same might be said of the acting, though there was little in the lines to sail matters thus gaily away from middle-class seriousness and middle-class desire for solemn import.

Mr. Tom Powers' Magnus, not so much an elegant heir to an old tradition and a distinguished gentleman—which would have made the play deeper—as he was an agreeable member of modern society, read his part always with effective intelligence, a natural turn for attacking the sense stresses and establishing thus the right rhythm of the lines. Miss Helen Westley's Power Mistress General was convincing as a good sort and as a rough and ready, honest-as-can-be-managed government official. Her accompanying female official, on the contrary, the Post Mistress General, in a role rather platitudinously whimsical, that of the politician winning through a talent for song and mimicry, became in the hands of Miss Eva Leonard-Boyne somewhat embarrassingly arch. Mr. Claude Rains, in that kind of puffing, well-cued, super-erect and witty method by which he chooses to render persons of high office, was good as the Prime Minister, and Mr. Frederick Truesdell as the American Ambassador. Miss Violet Kemble Cooper, as the Royal Mistress, and Miss Marjorie Marquis as the Queen, were most agreeable; Mr. Ernest Cossart, as the President of the Board of Trade, by his mischievous skill, made his role the meatiest of the whole dramatis personæ. Above the whole occasion, however, there was nothing

heard or seen that was indispensable to our risibility or our culture.

The adventure of Miss Irene Lewisohn—her labors toward perfecting an art that shall be a combination or unification of music, décor, dancing and pantomime—seemed this year to have come much nearer the goal than ever before. Not in the three preceding programs has she achieved such an economy of means for the efforts aimed at, and never before has the music and the attempt been so well within the scope of the possibilities at hand.

The first of the three numbers was "A Pagan Poem" (after Virgil) by Loeffler. Miss Lewisohn's setting here consisted of a square altar of steps, broken along the front by a cut-in angle, and rising to the red floor of the top, a design full of possibilities. Daphnis of the "Eclogues" has forsaken Amaryllis, the virgin shepherdess, for the delights of the city. In the end she leads him back to the plane of a beautiful love. The fine color of Mr. Sokoloff's tone throughout the orchestra's performance of this number, and Mr. Harold Bauer's superb piano part, were scarcely balanced by the dancers' performances, though Miss Martha Graham, after a few less happy moments at the start, was fair, and Mr. Charles Weidman had certainly one moment of very high beauty, when the acolytes, in their crimson garments, carry him half-prostrate to the altar peak.

In the Rabaud number we saw a passage in a chapel, with a niche, columns and mysterious light. The Man, in the entanglements of his long cloak of shadow, struggles to free himself. The procession of various faiths, renunciations and visions passes, the figure in the niche awakens to gestures of pity, understanding, diverse benedictions. The procession is gone, the Man from watching them returns to his own necessity, the figure in the niche for him is cold and lifeless; he must walk alone. Mr. Weidman and Mr. Benjamin Zemach were the chief actors in this scene. Mr. Weidman has good qualities, qualities of feeling and sincerity, but he is still a young dancer. He arrives approximately at the point he aims at, but achieves little of that next grace or after-flower that must make him a significant artist. Mr. Zemach's few moments of gesture were the perfection of style and movement. The character of the gestures that shone from his hands, the shifting of the whole bodily rhythm and position with every one of these gestures, cannot be described. He must be one of the finest artists that Miss Lewisohn could draw on anywhere.

The last scene, apart from the clever dancing in the cabarets that the lights suddenly brought into view through the painted wire screening of the street walls, was notable for the fact that Mr. Hugh Ferris had done the décor. Mr. Ferris, as everyone knows, has the distinction of making the most beautiful renderings ever made of the New York skyscrapers. As indications of what the buildings actually look like and of what they do to the streets at their feet, these drawings must be as deceptive as any ever made of anything, but as pictorial effects they are sometimes quite dazzling. But here the theater and its special demands comes in. The setting, for all its striking qualities of line and mass, did not take lighting well and much of its dramatic value was lost. Moreover, the theme of the Figure in the Skyscraper was spoiled by the hand, whoever it was, that changed the scaffold to the outside, instead of within, the tower, for Miss Graham to dance on. At first I thought the idea was one of execution, the wrongs of labor, and then nothing at all but merely some uninteresting postures. Miss Graham had neither the dominating personality nor the art exacted by such a position.

This whole venture on Miss Lewisohn's part is, so honestly, undaunted, educated and high-spirited, that one is tempted to give the most honest advice one is capable of. I should say, for one thing, that the first scene would have been increased a hundred fold by an imaginative use of light. And I saw no reason why Miss Graham should start off the number with those geometrical movements, almost Aztec in their line and mass. Certainly there was nothing in the music to suggest it and Virgil had not such primitive notions in his Augustan, poetic mind. Third, there should be more and more aim toward visual patterns that need no more help from the program than good program music does—but this is obvious. And, for one more point, why insist on so much of the unlovely as we saw in the first and last numbers? Certainly there are plenty of modern paintings whose grimmish tones and patterns might serve as a defense of all this, and the costume need not be classical. But for Virgil, now, why the tennis-looking outfit, sweater and trousers drab gray, why that pajammerish theme that we encounter so often among recent dancers? If these dancers have some idea or other of avoiding costume, nothing could be sillier—the skin itself is one of the most violent of costumes.

STARK YOUNG.

The Fable of the Three Limperary Cripples

Inspired by Mr. James Joyce's remarkable feats in reproducing special psychological states—especially his recent "Work in Progress," where he renders the varying phases of a man's consciousness in the course of a night's sleep, I have attempted, using Mr. Joyce's methods, to reproduce a few moments from the consciousness of a literary editor, as he sits in his office in winter—a psychological condition not precisely like either sleeping or waking, though it partakes of the nature of both.—E. W.

DUMB THUD of dumped books. Squeamish squawks from the squelched. Fond friendship in bully brave butterances. Awash in a wealth of weviews by wight-willing wayward wandering wavering hands.

What a wonderful is liquorary quiddicism! What fastiddily! what intelletual breath! what crytearia! what inside and painentrailia!—Now there were thwee quake liquorary quiddicks—there was Carl van Doorman and Herbert S. Goren and there was Gorman B. Munson. Carl van Gorhan was the Book-of-the-Lunch-Club, a bang in a thousand he was, the homesome wholespun old magnate, giving away a mahogany brittanica with every subscription tu the Book-of-the-Bunch-Club, chewing books for choosy readers with bad bicustards, a regular balloon to the belated he was. He gave them Elizabeth and Sex by Lytton Scratchy, John Brown's Benny by Steve Brody, The Bridge of San Louis Bromfield by Felix Ray, A Farewell to Farms by Mark van Dorman, How to be

Happy, a Preface to Morons by Walter B. Pipkin, Tristram, a finespun obituary by Edwin Arlington Cemetary, Black Majesty by Dark van Moron, The Life of Joseph Wood Peacock by his uncle Doc van Doren, and Training the Giant Pander by quaint old Trader van Horen. ("I Won't Leave This Book No Matter What It Is! Tell Harry he must join the Geld and effect a eunuque shaving!")

But said Herman S. Gorham, the invetebrate bookish old browser, with the stoop in his back and the twinkle in his sty, the Incredible Carcase we call him—no homesale purveyor he, but a fried connoissure of fine writings—said Gorvin: "I would ravver read This Side of Paralyzed by F. Scotch Fitzjeerald or Is % by hee-hee cunnings or a transformation by Ezra Penaloosa of the lyrics of Bartran van Boren or The Rediscovery of Waldo Frank by Virgin Spain (with his Sense of the Whole he made a woman of her) or For Lancelot Gobbo by Gobineau, or I could tates a little Yeast or Prouts!"

There they were, the grape lipperary critturs, Cardboard S. Boreman and Carman van Dorham, argufying and deifying and fiefieing and recommending and defending and pretending and nancing and tancing and romancing, poking funs and broking puns, the three faint limperary cripples, Carl van Gorman and Humbert van Horem—and don't be forgetting old Borem B. Bunsen, the motht theriouth of the three, with his mustachio cocked so waxy and his duomo waxed so parquet, the old fossil apostle of Bookmanism, the proselostle of Paul Ember Morage—said Morem E. Gumsome, smiling, with a Humanism like nothing human: "My friends, do we not need, after all, to consibber the morage aspeck? If we would forage ahead to a new era, we must example our morel discipline, we must think less of the means and more of the *mores,* the problem of impeckable technection is one which has prufrockupied our perfecktionists too long. I would profound them a tacks which will task them to the tutmost, let them taskle at the crotte of the handgurdjieff the system of Waldo Elmo Orage, an abstrack sicktheckick hypostathick with an apotheckmathick methockology." Grock.

And these few simpcere and earnest words, once profounded for all to ponder, were like the morecules of a gass that perveates the apmosphere—spedding spuriously aspunder, espanding foerster and foerster, presently brimming up the room quite nauxeous, enough to make you chapel ill. "Mm! mm! I am smuffocating!" esclaimed Goren, "I cannot breeze, I can hardly sneathe!" Said Car van Dorven, "'S fixiating! We will smuffle whiff the flumes of this Fumanism!"—Then miseraccorded Gorble B. Bunkum, a kindhearted harmless at heart, "Wery well, I will wopen a window—that is, I will ropen a hindu. Mahabharata! Mahabharata!" And, to the stuporfaction of his two heaving companions, he perceeded to proform the indim trope trick—pumpously adjusting his false viscous and taking a commonprose-enough-looking trope which hardly appealed valid for a proseline, he muttered a misting mahabhracadhabra, and flun wung end dup pie into the air where—emagine their embarrassing emarvellment! —it aphered to adhere to nothing—then climbed up it, hand over teakettle, and wlf a brief brittle smile diffappeared!—Did ever you hear the like! What abazement for those left behind! Poor old Hormone S. Dormant could only shake his head and blink his shy and shift from one foot to each other. "Well, this beats me!" he had to confess. "If this is highbrow, then I am hofbrau! Why not quip the field of limperature upperly?—Put it there, old pap!" he popped, spurning suddenly to Cal vin Coren—and now he has accepted a task packing grapefruit in the basement of the Muck-of-the-Month-Club!

EDMUND WILSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

From a 1930 Spy Hunter

[In The New Republic of January 29, appeared an article by Robert Wohlforth entitled "Spy Hunters: 1930," describing the activities of Mr. Harry A. Jung and his American Vigilant Intelligence Federation of Chicago. The following letter was sent by Mr. Jung in duplicate to Mr. Wohlforth and to The New Republic for publication. We have nothing to add to Mr. Wohlforth's comments except that The New Republic, of course, is not and never has been an organ, official or unofficial, of the Socialist party—excellent evidence of which is the fact that it supported Al Smith for President in 1928.—THE EDITORS.]

Dear Mr. Wohlforth:

As one "spy" to *another*:

I certainly appreciate the compliment you paid me in your very wonderful "advertisement" entitled "Spy Hunters: 1930," in the January 29 issue of The New Republic, an unofficial organ of the *Socialist party of the United States.* The information you obtained under the stamp of "privilege" was used by you in this mendacious and libelous article. I am going to make it a point to permit you the opportunity of proving certain of your assertions before the "bar of public opinion" and I will blazon the fact that an individual, supposed to be devoting himself to the betterment and welfare of the time-honored defense of the nation, goes out of his way to violate privileged communications and assail a civilian who has done more in the past few years, for the enlightenment of the worthwhileness of the army and navy, than you will ever accomplish if you live to reach the mature age of a hundred. It does seem strange that a civilian should draw the fire of a supposed "militarist," who isn't a gentlemanly soldier but a hybrid caricature of the noble profession of arms.

You clamor for material from my files, receive much documented evidence giving chapter and verse of the subversive movement and then use it for an ulterior purpose, not unwittingly, but with malice aforethought, as "soothing syrup" for the consumption of the "disorganized respectability" and the "intelligentsia," to which latter class you belong.

This letter, since you have violated a confidence, is in no sense of the word to be considered confidential; as a matter of fact, I am sending copy of it to the Secretary of War and the General Staff Board at Washington, D. C., also to widespread contacts throughout the country.

Now, that you have fulfilled your original idea to lambast a super-spy hunter and have so admirably succeeded in advertising him, that many offers of assistance have poured in, I, therefore, duly and gratefully acknowledge your kind help. Apparently the old adage that "every knock is a boost," still holds true.

The package of literature that I sent you and which you "claimed" was destroyed by fire—no doubt using this subterfuge to obtain duplicate material for your good friends on the socialist New Republic, and for the printing of much of which cost me *personally* real money, was given to you gratis.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, as anyone's estimate might go, we suspicioned your proclivities and chopped your name off our gratis mailing list some time ago. In connection with this last, I respectfully draw attention to the fact that you quoted in The New Republic, from bulletins issued over ninety days ago, and I presume you would have quoted for your own subtle purposes,

from later bulletins had your name been retained on our mailing list.

An appropriate answer to your mendacity will be found in the next issue of American Business Review, published in New York City.

I'rather reckon that your friends, The New Republic, will not publish this letter of mine, giving it as prominent space as they gave your article.

Furthermore, it is a lamentable fact that the army of the United States should have as one of its *"unofficial"* spokesmen, a "respectable front soothing syrup dispenser," that there is no Red menace in our country when, as a matter of fact, there is plenty of documentary evidence in cold type that there is a hellish conspiracy on to destroy the effectiveness of our army—the welfare of which you prate you are promoting. You could easily satisfy yourself on this score, if you were "on the job."

You may rest assured that your aid and comfort to that class and kind of "ists" whose ultimate objective is the overthrow of our present social system and institutions, will not, in so far as they are concerned, go unrewarded, for just as soon as you are relieved, on account of your penchant, from Our Army Magazine, the Socialists will have a nice, easy, festooned berth all ready waiting for you, which will permit the full play of your inimitable energy.

A few more years added to your immaturity, providing you possess within you the right spark, should react in the direction of giving grateful thanks for this intended verbal spanking.

Now, my dear kid editor, laugh that off!

Yours for our real army,

Chicago, Ill. H. A. JUNG.

P. S.—I assumed that anyone connected with a publication supposedly representing our army, was patriotic enough to be relied upon to the extent of being ethical and upholding an honorable code.

N. B.—I am taking the liberty of sending a copy of this letter to every one of the advertisers appearing in Our Army Magazine.

SIR: Readers of my article will recall that Mr. H. A. Jung is the general manager of the American Vigilant Intelligence Federation, the super-extra-patriotic organization which was the subject of my article in the January 29 issue of The New Republic.

Mr. Jung's letter to me reveals himself, his organization and his manner of thinking and reasoning so completely that I find it difficult to add anything myself. But it may be of interest to note that *Mr. Jung has not denied or challenged any statement or item* contained in my article.

The "privileged communications" of Mr. Jung I am supposed to have violated were mainly excerpts from his own mimeographed release of his organization—the weekly clip-sheet, Items of Interest. This clip-sheet is sent through the mails to thousands of people here and abroad. It is no more a "privileged communication" than a copy of The New Republic. What other information I used about Mr. Jung and his Vigilants can be secured through perfectly legitimate channels by anyone interested in him or his organization.

The "literature" Mr. Jung sent me was freely offered by him. It consisted of printed pamphlets and books on the supposed Red menace to America. They can easily be obtained anywhere, as they have been circulated widely by various super-patriotic societies. All of them, except those accidentally destroyed, are in my possession now.

I don't know why Mr. Jung has sent his letter to the Honorable Patrick Jay Hurley and General Summerall, unless it is in a hope that he can recruit the Secretary of War and the Chief of Staff into the ranks of his Vigilants.

It may be of interest to know that I am not and never have been an "unofficial" spokesman for the United States Army; I have never given "aid and comfort" to anyone working to overthrow the government; as far as I know, the Socialists haven't a "nice, easy, festooned berth" waiting for me. For the youth and immaturity ascribed to me by Mr. Jung, these old eyes, these old bones give thanks.

The various epithets Mr. Jung has heaped upon me can hardly carry much weight; he has called John Dewey, Jane Addams, Bishop Brewster, Dean Pound, Professor Frankfurter, Rabbi Wise, Senator Borah, Dr. Harry F. Ward, Senator Norris, Zona Gale, etc., much worse. They have survived and so shall I.

ROBERT WOHLFORTH.

New York City.

The Sex Boys in a Parachute

SIR: It is pleasant to reply briefly to the most unfair review that has appeared in The New Republic since its great inception in that prehistorical epoch, dated 1914. ["The Sex Boys in a Balloon," The New Republic, January 15.]

As a bit of amusement it compares favorably with the landing of the Plymouth Rock on the Pilgrim Fathers, and with the high spots in that wonderful movie in which Bernard Shaw makes love to the Virgin Mary.

No one any longer expects book reviewers to review books. So long as they get the opportunity to even up scores they must be charged with doing their duty beautifully. The content of the work is no longer relevant. And perhaps that is as it should be in a journalistic age.

There are a few minor hysterical errors in that thoughtful review of Malcolm Cowley's which it is worth while calling attention to. Will someone among The New Republic editors explain why Calverton's name was dragged into this review? There isn't space to go into too much background personal history, but the complicated psychoanalytic relation between two literary groups quite alienated from one another, the one under the inspiration of the Matthew Josephson-Malcolm Cowley Weltanschauung, and the other under the proletarian dictatorship of Victor Frobenius Calverton, will clarify a muddled situation somewhat.

There are other rather tragic errors in Malcolm Cowley's comic supplement. He says, says he, "Schmalhausen in turn has flattering words for Tenenbaum and Wittels, but especially for Calverton, of whom he speaks in terms that are usually reserved for Aristotle and Moses." I invite that minor Shakespearian character, who must once, surely, have played in the roles of Rosencrantz and Guilderstern, to quote precisely the passage and the place where I have ever written about Doctor Tenenbaum. We twain have met twice and exchanged about thirteen words (mostly unintelligible). Because Doctor Wittels had been assigned to review my book I actually declined, when invited, to review his, because of the unseemly nature of such incestuous intellectual intimacy in broad daylight. As for Calverton, if I have given the impression that he is Moses, Jr., let not the surprise be too alarming, for he has been hailed in America as a Savior among the Jews, who claim him bi-weekly as one of their very own. . . . In fact, the scandal has gone so far that he is now familiarly referred to in all the southern dark alleys as Mose. Calverton is in a painful predicament as to whether to save the Jews or the Negroes. He has recently been peddling the higher platitudes of Zionism among the colored brethren.

When Cowley, like an irritated N. Y. U. graduate, speaks slightingly about my writing on almost everything—civilization, ethics, H. L. Mencken, the fall of woman—he really is telling us more about his own mind than saying anything significant about the author's. Some day he may be old enough to realize that the impulse of every vital mind is in the direction of understanding and knowing more rather than less. This impulse is known as the philosophical view of life. The very person whom The New Republic in and out of season lauds to the point of worship is John Dewey, who in every recent review has been honored for his astonishing productivity. The point, dear Malcolm, is not how much or how little the amount, but the excellence of the product. There are pathetic little poets in America who write very little for the very good reason that their human natures are petty and constricted and therefore incapable of a more lusty and large-minded utterance. The great poets of the ages have written vastly, luxuriantly. Bernard Shaw long ago pointed out that the one sign that all vital creative minds have in common is this impulse toward astonishing productivity.

There is one dirty remark in the review that The New Republic editors should blush to print. Malcolm viciously writes: "Under the pseudonym of S. Daniel House, he writes book reviews in which he sings the praises of his colleagues, if not of himself." This happens to be exactly One Hundred Percent inaccurate. I have carried the name, without mystery or privacy, of S. Daniel House for more than ten years. Its status has been public and accepted throughout that period. I have never once used that name or any other to sing the praises of my colleagues. If I took the space I could show that of all the persons I have praised, not more than one could adequately be called a friend or colleague. Of all the writers and thinkers I have sharply attacked not even one could be called an enemy.

I am afraid that the psychoanalytic reason for Cowley's animus is my unforgivable sin against sagacity in omitting him from mention in my study of contemporary poets. I am ashamed to say that I had somehow not noticed the fact that he and his friend Josephson consider each other significant poets.

Book reviews should be made of sterner bluff!

SAMUEL D. SCHMALHAUSEN.

New York City.

SIR: Mr. Schmalhausen's letter, which I am requesting the editors to print in full, is an interesting example of the dithyrambic style adopted by the Sex Boys. I am sorry that he considers my review of them to be unfair: what I tried to do was merely to summarize their opinions, to quote a few of their more lyrical passages, and to show the general nature of the sex-book racket. Most of his charges against me require no answer. However, his statement that I was "One Hundred Percent" inaccurate about his use of a pseudonym is worthy of being discussed.

I was told on what I regarded as the best authority that he had employed the name of S. Daniel House when writing reviews of his friends and colleagues. I must now withdraw that statement; for after a very limited amount of research, I was unable to find any examples of such a practice. I did find, however, that his pseudonym was convenient for other purposes. He says that he carried the name of S. Daniel House "without secrecy or privacy," but the various magazine editors with whom I am acquainted did not know that he carried it. Therefore, it was possible for him to attack a given magazine bitterly, personally and unjustly under the name of Samuel D. Schmalhausen, while at the same time contributing to that magazine and writing ingratiating letters to its editors under the name of S. Daniel House. If Mr. Schmalhausen—or Mr. House—cares to dispute this statement, I shall be glad to submit documentary proof.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

New York City.

In Defense of Mr. Kreymborg

SIR: Permit one reader to take exception to Mr. Tate's review of "Our Singing Strength" in your issue of February 26. Were the review merely a statement of differences (though the younger man assumes Olympian certainty long abandoned by the older), one would not bother to take exception, for to such, one may well conclude, this futile business of reviewing must reduce itself. However, Mr. Tate makes a charge against Mr. Kreymborg which no fair student of American poetry can let pass unchallenged.

I know neither Mr. Tate nor Mr. Kreymborg personally. And I hold no brief for the excellence or infallibility of "Our Singing Strength"—indeed I find much fault with it. But when Mr. Tate says: "This work is one of those mischievously pious, utterly well-meant documents which, like the writing of Poe's contemporary, Griswold, may have the effect of misleading public information and judgment for a quarter of a century," not only does this statement bear the unmistakable marks of an illogical, factually unsound and patently stupid conjecture, but it represents a descent from the plane of esthetic controversy to the petty fishwifery of personalities. And when one considers Mr. Tate's conjecture in the light of Mr. Kreymborg's activities, the result is a rather unmerciful reflection on Mr. Tate's capacity for conjecture. Indeed, no twentieth-century American poet can fail to appreciate the work done for later poets by certain pioneer persons, regardless of the value of such persons' actual poetry. No informed poet can ignore the facts of Mr. Kreymborg's career—a career dotted with the founding of *avant-garde* vehicles for new talents—such as the founding in 1914 of the Others' group and the publication of their anthologies in 1916, 1917, and 1919—such as the establishment of experimental magazines, and of "The American Caravan" in 1926—sincere and admirable labors, which, together with Mr. Kreymborg's own creative experiments, qualify him as one of the very few unbigoted, open-minded, "forward-looking" figures in American poetry. But then, it is quite probable that "unbigoted," "open-minded," and "forward-looking" are disparaging epithets according to Mr. Tate's sense of values, when we consider his relation to Mr. Waldo Tubb's self-advertised belief in the Trinity of Authorities, and when we behold the dismal retrogressions into the synthetic creativeness of the library-catalogue. But apart from Mr. Tate's sense of values, his conjecture about the book in question must seem to any sincere, unprejudiced person not only a stunning example of utterly unintelligent thinking but an extremely ugly instance of vulgarity. . . .

I trust this point of view, as expressed in this letter, may not be wholly uninteresting to you, inasmuch as it represents the attitude in this matter of several of your readers.

STANLEY BURNSHAW.

New York City.

SIR: Mr. Burnshaw reminds the public—and it cannot be reminded too often—that Mr. Alfred Kreymborg's pioneer labors at the beginning of the late poetic renascence were extremely valuable. However, the rest of Mr. Burnshaw's argument is more difficult to follow. Do these pioneer labors give Mr. Kreymborg *carte blanche* for any kind of performance that he wishes to publish and render him immune to criticism? They give us an admirable picture of an admirable man. But, again, what has this to do with the merit of Mr. Kreymborg's "Our Singing Strength"?

The passage which Mr. Burnshaw quotes from my review about the misleading effect the book may have on future readers, is in no sense an attack on Mr. Kreymborg's character. This passage is followed, in my review, by a sentence that distinctly separates Mr. Kreymborg the man from Mr. Kreymborg the critic: "In the place of Griswold's malice (Mr. Kreymborg is uniformly benevolent), there is a gift for sentimental epithet," etc.

Only my desire to rigorously separate the critic from the man explains the few allusions to Mr. Kreymborg as a person. In order to do this I was compelled to indicate, with an explicitness that was somewhat disconcerting, my belief in the author's integrity. I used throughout such adjectives as "modest," "sincere," "unpretentious," "benevolent." These four qualities alone are enough to make a man; but multiply them fourfold and they do not necessarily make a critic.

Nashville, Tenn. ALLEN TATE.

Concerning H. G. Wells

SIR: I am writing an account of the life and activities, literary and other, of Mr. H. G. Wells. It will appear this year in America and Europe. In the effort to make it biographically accurate and detailed, I am basing it very largely upon original sources, and I want to appeal to those who can lend me for quotation or other use relevant reminiscences, impressions or letters (or transcripts of letters), especially any referring to Mr. Wells's earlier years or to specific activities. Original letters (or transcripts to be returned) will be treated most carefully, handled only by myself, and returned without delay by registered post. Matter may be sent direct to me at Acacia, Dane Bridge Lane, Much Hadham, Herts., England, or in care of my publishers, Messrs. W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Mr. Wells, of course, knows of and has approved this appeal.

GEOFFREY WEST.

Much Hadham, Herts., England.

make points worthy of consideration. Nor is the book as a whole without its usefulness. For one thing, it indicates that there is in England an increasing awareness of technical problems, an increasing concern with method; and concern with method is likely to lead, and in some measure has already led, to the reconsideration of ends. One wishes that a similar volume might be published in the United States. The assigned topic should, of course, be closer to the real problems of the day; but the plan of asking for contributions from men and women professionally engaged with the types of work they discuss ought to be rigorously followed. A wise editor could easily find critics and poets quite as competent as the British spokesmen, though he might have difficulty, even more difficulty than the directors of the City Literary Institute experienced, in discovering suitable novelists, dramatists and biographers. Even so, the very inadequacies of such a volume might serve a useful purpose.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Luther and Richelieu

Martin Luther: A Destiny, by Lucien Febvre. Translated from the French by Roberts Tapley. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 313 pages. $3.75.

Richelieu: A Study, by Hilaire Belloc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 384 pages. $5.

STUDENTS of Martin Luther's life, with the exception of those who were violently partisan for sectarian reasons, have almost always felt that it presented a series of irreconcilable inconsistencies. The austerity of his young manhood passed in the Augustinian monastery at Wittenberg, the fervor of his preaching, and the courage of his declarations, notably the one made in the presence of the emperor and papal legate at Worms, seem overbalanced by the grossness of his middle age and the uninspiring spectacle of the bourgeois household of his declining years. Monsieur Febvre brushes aside as irrelevant and unimportant most of the familiar anecdotes connected with Luther. Some, such as the famous Scala Sancta episode, he declares are pure fabrications, and others have been distorted by exaggeration. All have been used either by the Catholic Church to discredit the Reformer, or by Protestant theologians to prove his greatness. But, true or false, they do not matter when Luther's mission is recognized, and his minor human inconsistencies fade in the light of his devotion to three doctrines. He believed with all his soul that no mediation was needed between man and his Maker; that man was born sinful and must be made aware of the enormity of his offense; and that the salvation of the elect is predestined.

Catholic critics are eager to prove that Luther's thoughts, writings and actions up to the publication of the ninety-five theses were entirely at variance with the course of his later career. Monsieur Febvre denies this, and, reinterpreting the evidence, makes out a plausible case for Luther's constant and passionate belief in his three doctrines from his cloistered youth to his death. It is an interesting estimate of Luther's life which Monsieur Febvre endeavors to present, but the book is too episodic in form to make a convincing and connected narrative of what the author conceives to have been a self-evident destiny.

Mr. Belloc, who usually writes very bad history indeed, has improved in this study of Richelieu, although he is still unable to resist the temptation to insert a great deal of Catholic propaganda. Like Monsieur Febvre in his Luther, he asks his readers to forget the disreputable stories told of Richelieu, many of which were founded on malicious court gossip, and to look upon the Cardinal as a brilliant statesman, relentless in pursuing his one ambition—the greatness of France.

Richelieu was the founder of the centralized French monarchy and the creator of the first adequate standing army in Europe. Mr. Belloc, always more secure when writing on French historical subjects than on English, gives an objective account of Richelieu's work and correctly emphasizes the success of his internal and external diplomacy. From a Catholic point of view he rightly condemns Richelieu's toleration of the French Protestants and his alliance with Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. What might have happened if Richelieu had allied France with Spain and the Empire rests too much in the realm of conjecture for Mr. Belloc to assume, as he does, that it would have meant the reunification of the Catholic culture in Europe. Mr. Belloc is prone to overestimate the influence of individuals on epochs and great world movements. He warms easily to his own ideas and once started goes too far. This study of Richelieu is not free from this defect, but what the author has successfully done is to portray a Richelieu devoid of the romantic trappings with which he has been encumbered, and to make him stand out as the first great minister whose energy and ambition were dedicated to the cause of French nationalism.

NEILSON ABEEL.

A Book About a Sitwell

The Gothick North: A Study of Medieval Life, Art and Thought, by Sacheverell Sitwell. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 454 pages. $5.

THIS is certainly one of the most extraordinary books that ever grew out of medievalism. Even those readers who relished the fantastic preciosities of Mr. Sitwell's "Southern Baroque Art" could scarcely have foreseen the strange form in which his latest opus presents itself.

Appropriately enough, the book begins with a large capital I, occupying three full lines—what printers call a three-line initial. "I cannot be writing poetry the whole time," Mr. Sitwell commences, "and must look about for a subject for prose"—"a subject," he adds later, "that hundreds of other writers haven't sullied." The Gothic, "sullied" by a century or more of intensive research, would scarcely seem to fit these requirements, but Mr. Sitwell gets around this difficulty by the simple expedient of ignoring medieval painting and the cathedrals, "those old, black steam-engines standing in lonely squares like waste machinery in a railway-yard," and by turning instead to the less "sullied" subjects of tapestries, miniatures and monastery architecture.

Mr. Sitwell, having chosen his subject, now pictures himself gathering his material: we are taken into his confidence regarding the methods and difficulties of writing the book, and his thoughts while he is doing it. In the course of this strangely roundabout approach to the Middle Ages, he drags us to a cabaret in modern Berlin, to a musical comedy in London, and through a transcendental account of a love-affair, which, he remarks, "puts some of these novelists in their places." Two excruciatingly uninteresting artists are introduced as lay figures for interminable dialogues. The real subject of the book, it begins to appear, is not the Middle Ages, but Sacheverell Sitwell. His figure occupies most of the foreground; in the middle dis-

tance is his audience; between the legs of all these personages we get an occasional glimpse of the Gothic, sitting neglected and forlorn; and endlessly we hear Mr. Sitwell's voice explaining his methods, his ideas about a large variety of subjects, his peculiar talents, his points of superiority to almost every other living prose writer.

Even at those moments when the Gothic does manage to creep through this verbal barrage, it receives rather summary treatment. Mr. Sitwell displays a curious lack of comprehension or sympathy for the deeper elements of medievalism. He dismisses its religious aspect as follows: "So far as I am concerned I have no beliefs and they were wasting their time"—an astonishing approach to the age which produced Chartres! Nor does he display any more penetrating insight into the secular mind of the Middle Ages. His people are puppets, decorative figures out of a tapestry, actors in a gorgeous pageant. The purely spectacular side of the Gothic is the only one that interests him; here his poetical talents have full scope. The book's best passages are those which deal, in fantastic sensuous imagery, with the physical aspects of the age. Mr. Sitwell has a singularly vivid and acute visual imagination and a poet's ability to convey the color and light of this "early morning of the senses" which he has chosen as the theme of his fantasy. His prose, full of intricate conceits and willful obscurities, which often do not repay the trouble of disentangling them, never succeeds in escaping self-consciousness, but is always adroit and sophisticated and sometimes capable of a subtle, if somewhat precious, beauty.

LLOYD GOODRICH.

An Old Black Screamy Mood

Bringing Jazz, by Maxwell Bodenheim. New York: Horace Liveright. 70 pages. $2.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM'S latest book of poems might well be used as a starting point for a definition of jazz esthetics. First of all, it provides a particular kind of superlative entertainment that depends almost entirely upon the titillations of jazz rhythm and the impact of a brilliant, quickly assimilated image. Here is a swift panorama of Chicago's South Side, Greenwich Village, Harlem and Broadway. It is strictly urban poetry shot out at you from the roar of a subway, an automatic Army Colt, or the whining brass lungs of a saxophone—the jazz of Broadway that seems to rise from the pavements at the corner of Forty-second Street.

Next we see that Bodenheim's specific brand of irony which he has employed throughout his work, including his discovery of the American underworld in his novels, is converted into a jazz medium. Street walkers and gunmen, fresh from the tabloids, sway legs and torsos, hips and shoulders through the poems, screaming in high falsetto or, after a brief moment of melodrama, bury their voices in the deep, moaning bass of a slide trombone.

The subtleties of "Introducing Irony" and "Against This Age" seem, for the moment, to be swept aside, yet you will find them shaping a fresh technic in such poems as "Jazz Kaleidoscope" and "Street Level Jazz." Witness:

> "You need a dark brown sister stepping wild,
> You need a dark brown stack of joy.
> She'll put a moony, loony, baboon-child
> Right in your blood and marrow, boy!"

and this from "Street Level Jazz":

> "I've got the dark, stark, long-nailed blues:
> I've got an old, black screamy mood,
> My heart's a room with nasty news
> Enough to make an angel brood."

In spite of the many attempts to capture jazz rhythm with all its essentials intact and at the same time to create actual poetry, we have but two successful examples of this style, both significant because they display a like precision in technique: T. S. Eliot's "Fragments of an Agon: Wanna Go Home, Baby?" and a selection of three or four poems from "Bringing Jazz."

HORACE GREGORY.

Notes on Novels

The Whistlers' Room, by Paul Alverdes. Translated by Basil Creighton. New York: Covici, Friede. $1.50.

PAUL ALVERDES, in his "Whistlers' Room," is not overwhelmed by his recollections; he is not, like Aldington and Graves and Remarque, anxious to rid himself of them before he has subdued and objectified the emotions which they provoke. Herr Alverdes, as a writer, is concerned with war as material, using his experience as a basis for a work of art. His end is not moral or cathartic; he has written a story which should be judged by standards purely artistic.

"The Whistlers' Room" tells of four soldiers in a hospital near the Rhine, one of whom is an English prisoner. Through similar wounds in the jaw, which necessitate the wearing of a silver tube in the neck, and a white net bib, they become bound to each other. It is this comradeship, engendered by similar suffering, which is the main theme of the book. These four men have been selected as representatives of thousands of other wounded. The desire "to show that they were not any different from other men" kept them together, in spite of their differences, for "they never talked of a future and seldom of a past before the War." As long as there were others suffering similar torture they were prepared to struggle on, and the chief thing which concerned them now was their comradeship. The War is used as an extraordinary circumstance which, through the suffering it involves, brings into close contact numbers of men who, in normal conditions, would never even meet. All the usual barriers are broken down and deep friendship is engendered. Yet none of these things is forcibly stressed; they form part of the narrative, and are indicated merely through incidents. Activities outside the hospital are not even touched upon.

There is nothing emotional or strained in this story; it is told in a style simple and direct, delightful often in its seeming naïveté, poignant in its clarity; throughout it is balanced, subtly restrained. Artistically, this is certainly the best war book which has yet appeared.

K. G. D.

Taking Chances, by M. J. Farrell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.

THERE is the stimulating freshness of the outdoors in this straightforwardly written novel of passionate hunting and no less passionate love on an Irish country estate. Miss Farrell's delight in the open fields, her enthusiasm for horses, dogs and the panoply of the hunt, of which she writes excitedly and well, give the story its distinctive qualities of color and movement. Yet the love story never quite carries the same degree of conviction as the hunting scenes. This is regrettable, for in Mary

Fuller, an engaging, reckless English girl come to Ireland as bridesmaid for her friend Maeve, the author has a character of uncommon charm. Her piquancy is dangerous, for even after she is the wife of Maeve's brother Ralph, she continues to be a disquieting influence in the lives of all the characters. They rush on to ruin as recklessly as they put horses to a fence; in this they seem more puppets than living and willing people. The chief values of the novel are the portrait of Mary and the conviction and zest that characterize the stirring accounts of fox-hunting. W. B.

Mothers Cry, by Helen Grace Carlisle. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

IN spite of a style the studied artlessness of which grows cumulatively more wearisome, with no relief in sight, the story of Mary Williams grips the reader with such intensity that not to finish the book would be unthinkable. For here is a lower middle-class milieu described with such fidelity, a life-pattern presented with such candor, sincerity and poignancy, as to compel our interest and admiration. Mary Williams is left a widow at twenty-seven with four small children to support. To her, her children embody the meaning of life: the birth of each one has been a kind of catharsis, purging her of the sense of failure and filling her with the glory and exaltation of creation. Danny, the eldest, is a problem: he is given to terrible rages; he lies, steals, and finally joins a gang. Artie is his mother's mainstay, dependable and intelligent. He later becomes a brilliant architect. Jenny, always a good child, marries a plodder, and Beatty does publicity work in a bank. She and her boss are having an affair: love on her part, pastime on his. She becomes pregnant and he leaves her. Danny, at home after serving a year's sentence in prison for theft, demands her lover's letters, which he is planning to use for blackmail. She refuses, and he pulls out a gun and kills her.

Miss Carlisle has made of Mary Williams an arresting and living figure. Her courage and brooding tenderness for her children dominate the book. Her humility before Artie's creative ability is as touching as are her bewilderment and torture at the violence and destruction to which she has given birth in Danny. It is safe to predict that this Manhattan Niobe will remain in the memory long after the book is finished. E. H.

Contributors

W. T. Stone is in charge of the Washington Bureau of the Foreign Policy Association and is attending the London conference on behalf of that organization.

Edward G. Ernst and Emil M. Hartl are doing graduate work at the Boston University School of Theology.

Benton MacKaye has coöperated with New York and Massachusetts regional-planning commissions. He is the author of "The New Exploration: A Philosophy of Regional Planning."

Duff Gilfond is a Washington journalist.

A. E. Coppard, the well known English poet and short-story writer, will have a book of verse published this spring.

Harold D. Lasswell is a member of the department of Political Science at the University of Chicago.

Granville Hicks is an assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

Neilson Abeel is secretary of the American Scandinavian Foundation in New York City.

Lloyd Goodrich is a contributing editor of The Arts.

Horace Gregory is a poet whose work has appeared in various magazines and in the 1928 edition of "The American Caravan."

THEATRES

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

LAST TWO WEEKS!

METEOR

By S. N. BEHRMAN

GUILD Theatre, 52nd Street, West of Broadway
Evenings 8:50 — Matinees Thurs. and Sat., 2:40

The Apple Cart

BERNARD SHAW'S POLITICAL EXTRAVAGANZA

MARTIN BECK THEA. 45th St., W. of Eighth Ave. Evgs. 8:30; Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30.

GRACE GEORGE

In the ST. JOHN ERVINE Comedy
"FIRST MRS. FRASER"
with A. E. Matthews and Lawrence Grossmith

PLAYHOUSE 48th St. East of Broadway. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed., Thurs. and Sat. 2:30.

EXTRA MATINEE EVERY THURSDAY UNTIL JUNE 15th
Matinees Every Day during Easter Week.

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents

THE LAST MILE

"Most exciting play in New York today. Superbly done. Cheers keep rising in your throat."—John Mason Brown, Post.

SAM H. HARRIS Theatre 42nd St., West of Broadway. Eves. 8:50. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30.

The Actor-Managers Inc. has the honor to present

RUTH DRAPER IN HER ORIGINAL CHARACTER SKETCHES

Evenings: Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Sunday, at 8:50

COMEDY Theatre 41st Street, East of Broadway. Matinees Thurs. and Sat. 2:30. VERY GOOD SEATS AT $1.

S. BURTON HEATH

in The New York Telegram says of

Public Ownership on Trial

by FREDERICK L. BIRD and FRANCES M. RYAN

Foreword by DR. JOHN BAUER

"This little 185-page, paper-covered volume is, in some ways, the greatest single contribution to date in the controversy over whether public or private development is the goal toward which we should direct our steps in developing the electrical industry of the United States. . . . Public Ownership on Trial will not be a best seller. But it will remain for some time the best authority on that interesting question 'Can public ownership succeed?'"

75 cents a copy, postpaid.

Order from The New Republic
421 West 21st Street New York City

LECTURES

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

Program—March 7-15

AT COOPER UNION

8th Street and Astor Place, at 8 o'clock.
Admission Free

Friday, March 7—Dr. Everett Dean Martin:

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PROGRESS
"The Evolution of the Individual."

ETHICS AND SOCIAL SCIENCE
Sunday, March 9—Dr. Mortimer J. Adler: "Haldane: The Sciences and Philosophy."

NATURAL SCIENCE
Tuesday, March 11—Dr. Henry J. Fry: "The Physical Basis of Heredity."

MUHLENBERG BRANCH LIBRARY

209 West 23rd Street, at 8:30 o'clock.

Monday, March 10—Mr. Nathaniel Peffer: "China: A Civilization in Disintegration. — Tendencies Toward Tomorrow; East and West in New Relation."

Wednesday, March 12—Dr. John Bartlett Brebner: "Literature as Social History.—Boredom."

Thursday, March 13—Dr. E. G. Spaulding: "The Ways and Means of Reasoning.—Reasoning in Rationalism: Descartes, Spinoza, Kant."

Saturday, March 15—Dr. V. J. McGill: "Phenomenology—The Logic of Language."

FOR SALE

Riverside, Connecticut. Bavarian peasant house, in old orchard. Concrete, stone foundation. Three bedrooms. Sleeping porch. 2 baths. Gas, electricity, oak floors, Chamberlin metal weather strips throughout. Indoor garage, oil furnace. Hour from New York. Six minutes from station. Phone Sound Beach 7-0744, P. O. Box 66.

FOR RENT

Completely furnished cottage on seaward tip of small island in Boothbay Harbor, Maine—one hundred yards from mainland and garage. Four bedrooms; large living room; eight windows; fireplace; kitchen; modern bathroom. Electricity. Supplies delivered. Excellent boarding house near. May to October. $500. Address Prof. George Rowley, Princeton, New Jersey.

POSITIONS WANTED

A young man (21), well read in the Social Sciences, desires a position most in accord with this study. Address: Box 446, The New Republic.

Instructor of French, woman, native of Paris, with successful experience with all phases of teaching in this country, is open to engagement for 1930. Interview arranged. Address: Box 440, The New Republic.

Young Englishman, Cambridge University Graduate and keen athlete, desires position as companion or tutor with party traveling abroad in summer. Address: Box 444, The New Republic.

HELP WANTED

Wanted immediately as secretary woman, academic college degree, at least 6 to 10 years experience, rapid stenographer and typist, familiar with files and dictaphone, efficiency recognized in salary. Apply only by letter stating full experience with dates. Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

HOME FOR CHILD

Loving and intelligent home offered to little child of good mental heritage. Illegitimate acceptable. R. F. D., Box 96, Sharon, Mass.

TUTORING

Woman (near Philadelphia) offers expert tutoring in French or substitute teaching. Will give interview at reasonable distance. Address: Box 437, The New Republic.

DISCUSSION

THE GROUP

A Clearing House of Opinion
meets at
Auditorium—150 West 85th Street
Tuesday, March 11th, at 8:30 P. M.
DR. JOSEPH TENENBAUM
(Author of "Riddle of Sex")
will speak on:
"SUBLIMATION VERSUS REPRESSION OF THE SEX INSTINCT"
Admission 50c. Organized 1918

THE GROUP
Invites you to its
SATURDAY NIGHT DANCE
Saturday evening, March 15th
at 8:30 P. M.
Entertainment and Dance
Dancing until 1 A. M.
Admission $1.50.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN, GERMAN, ENGLISH

Conversational method, Carefully selected Native teachers. Private lessons, 75c, short course, 9 to 9 daily, 18th year.
FISHER'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1264 Lexington Avenue, N. W. Cor. 85th St.

UNIVERSAL INSTITUTE OF
LANGUAGES ITALIAN—GERMAN FRENCH—SPANISH

Private lessons 75c (Daily 9-9). Native teachers. Simplified conversational method. 18 years' experience. Also neglected English education. 1265 Lexington Avenue, Northeast corner 85th Street.

FRENCH-through-PLAY

FRENCH-through-PLAY, using the linguistic assets of childhood—keen ear, flexible vocal organs, zest for impersonation. Young children, 6 or 8 to a group, three hours weekly. Address Box 441, The New Republic.

VOCATIONAL SERVICE

Gertrude Stein, Inc. 18 East 41st St.
Vocational Service Agency Lexington 2593
A professional and commercial employment bureau for women. We specialize in secretarial, social service, research, publicity and home economics positions.

GENERAL

SPRING NATURE STUDY

Nature study groups for children ages 8 to 12. One group for children 5 to 8. Conducted by a teacher at the Ethical Culture school and the American Museum of Natural History. Address Mary Creig, 523 West 121st St., New York City. Phone Cathedral 0340 evenings.

ATHEISM

Book catalogue FREE. Tracts, 10c.
American Asso. for Advancement of Atheism
119 E. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

REAL HARRIS TWEED

The aristocrats of all sports wear—direct from makers. Sample free. Suit-lengths by Mail. Carriage Paid.
NEWALL, 180 Stornoway, Scotland.

TRAVEL

EUROPE $365

33 days
6 countries
PASSION PLAY
ALL EXPENSES

Foremost Student Tours
Nearly 4000 satisfied members in 1929. Small parties, 1st class hotels, plenty of motor travel. Send for booklet of 250 tours.
COLLEGE TRAVEL CLUB
154 Boylston St. Boston, Mass.

BOOKS

PANAÏT ISTRATI

"The Gorky of the Balkans"
—Romain Rolland

The Thistles of the Baragan

"Among European Writers Panaït Istrati Has Long Been My Favorite." Georg Brandes

$2.50 Bookstores
VANGUARD

THAT BOOK YOU WANT!

We hold 2,000,000 of the best books—new, second-hand, out-of-print, rare—all subjects. Also Sets of Authors. Catalogue free (25 issued). Outline requirements and interests. Books sent on approval. FOYLES, Charing Cross Rd., London, England.

NOW IS THE TIME

If you want a more than average job, or a more than average person to fill one—

If you want to rent an apartment, or let one to a responsible person—

If you have any unusual want that an unusual audience may be expected to satisfy—

Advertise in

The NEW REPUBLIC

EARN $100

If you believe that there should be more New Republic readers in your locality, and wish to secure them with considerable profit to yourself, communicate with the Personal Subscription Manager of The New Republic.

GOOD BOOKS

The purpose of The New Republic Dollar Series is to make available to the public, at a low price, serious books of merit on special subjects which do not seem to fit into the general publishers' lists. An example is our most recent publication, "The Students Speak Out!"—A Symposium from 22 Colleges. Of this book William Soskin said in The New York Evening Post: "Some wise philanthropist should place a copy in the hands of every alumni member in every association in the country. I think the effect on educational programs would be a marked one."

Complete List of Dollar Books

THE STUDENTS SPEAK OUT! A Symposium.
TOLSTOI AND NIETZSCHE, by HELEN E. DAVIS.
IMPRESSIONS OF SOVIET RUSSIA AND THE REVOLUTIONARY WORLD, by JOHN DEWEY. 2nd edition.
LIVING WITH THE LAW, by JUNE PURCELL GUILD.
COLLEGE OR KINDERGARTEN? by MAX MCCONN. 2nd edition.
THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AND ITS RULERS, by J. E. KIRKPATRICK, PH.D. 2nd edition.
AMERICA SEEN THROUGH GERMAN EYES, by DR. ARTHUR FEILER, translated by MARGARET GOLDSMITH.
POWER CONTROL, by H. S. RAUSHENBUSH and HARRY W. LAIDLER. 3rd edition.
PARENTS ON PROBATION, by MIRIAM VAN WATERS, author of *Youth in Conflict.*
THE RUSSIAN LAND, by ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS 3rd edition. Also in leather. $2.00.
TOTEM AND TABOO, by SIGMUND FREUD. Authorized translation by A. A. BRILL.
DELUSION AND DREAM, by SIGMUND FREUD. Authorized translation by HELEN M. DOWNEY.
LAISSEZ-FAIRE AND COMMUNISM, by JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES.
THE MEANING OF ADULT EDUCATION, by E. C. LINDEMAN. 2nd edition.
YOUTH IN CONFLICT, by MIRIAM VAN WATERS. 7th edition.
CONCERNING PARENTS—a symposium on Present-Day Parenthood. 5th edition.
OUR ENEMY THE CHILD, by AGNES DE LIMA. 3rd edition. Also in boards. $1.50.
THE YOUTH MOVEMENT IN CHINA, by TSI C. WANG, PH.D. 2nd edition.
HOMES OF THE FREED, by ROSSA B. COOLEY.
ENCAUSTICS, by STARK YOUNG.
THE CHILD, THE CLINIC AND THE COURT, a symposium on Juvenile Delinquency, with introduction by JANE ADDAMS. 2nd edition.
SOCIAL DISCOVERY, by E. C. LINDEMAN. 2nd edition. Also in cloth. $1.50.
MOTHERS IN INDUSTRY, by GWENDOLYN S. HUGHES. Also in cloth $1.50.
THE SUPREME COURT AND MINIMUM WAGE LEGISLATION—a symposium with an introduction by DEAN ROSCOE POUND.
EDUCATION, THE MACHINE AND THE WORKER, by HORACE M. KALLEN, PH.D.
THE STORY OF TEAPOT DOME, by M. E. RAVAGE.
THE LABOR SPY, by SIDNEY HOWARD, with the collaboration of ROBERT DUNN.

With a year's subscription to The New Republic any two of these books will be sent to you free.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
421 West 21st St., N. Y. C.

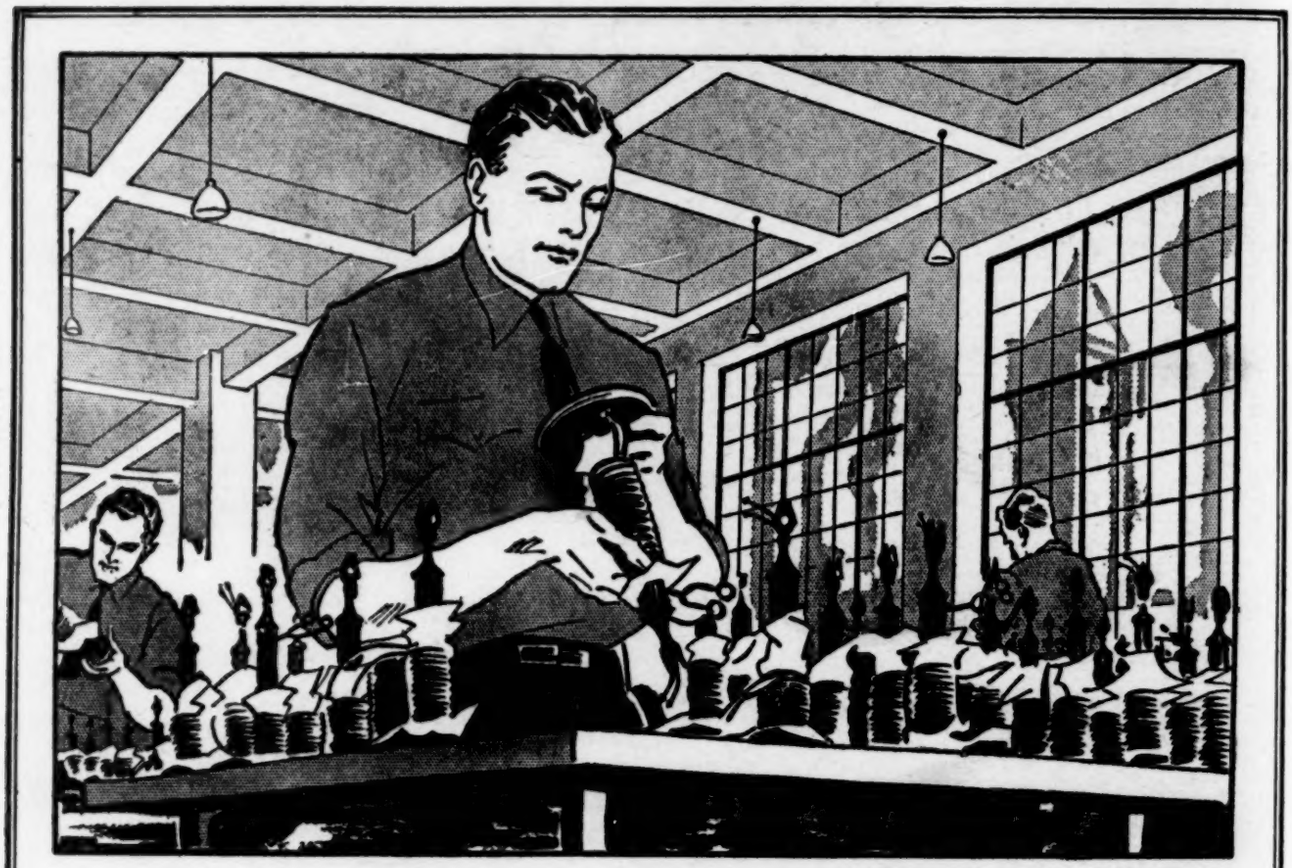
For the enclosed $5.00 send me The New Republic for one year, and the following two books free.....

Name.....City.....

Street.....State.....

3-12-30

Printed by STRINGER PRESS, INC., 480 Pearl St., New York, N. Y.



THE WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY SEARCHES THE WORLD FOR MATERIALS, AND FASHIONS THEM INTO THE EQUIPMENT OF A NATION-WIDE TELEPHONE SYSTEM

That time and distance may be subject to your voice

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE Bell Telephone System shapes the stuff of the earth to your communication needs. It delves into the forces and methods that enable you to project your voice where you wish. It searches the world for the materials needed to put its discoveries at your command, and fashions them into the connected parts of a nation-wide system. It has dotted the nation with exchanges, and joined them and the connecting companies with the wires and cables which enable you to talk with anyone, anywhere.

Each of the 24 operating companies of the Bell System is attuned to the needs of its area. Each is local to the people it serves and backed by national resources in research, methods and manufacture. Each has the services of the staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which is continually developing improvements in telephone operation. Each has the advantage of the specialized production of the Western Electric Company. This production embodies the results achieved by the scientific staff of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, one of the great industrial research institutions of the world.

Your telephone company is in a position to offer you the service which you have today because the Bell System is organized to meet your growing communication needs with increasing satisfaction and economy.